

LITTLE SNOW WHITE OR THE MAGIC MIRROR



LITTLE SNOW WHITE

AND OTHER STORIES



With 127 Illustrations and a Frontispiece in Colors.

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LITTLE SNOW WHITE

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LITTLE SNOW-WHITE.



Once upon a time a queen sat by the ebony-black window of her palace doing needlework. It was winter, and outside the snowflakes were falling softly like feathers from the sky. The queen opened the window and leant out. Then she went on with her work, and because she was looking at the snow and not at

the linen in her hand she pricked her finger, and three spots of blood fell upon the white snow. "Ah," said the queen, "I wish I had a daughter as white as the snow, as red as the blood, and as black as the ebony of the window frame." Her wish came to pass, and she had a little daughter with skin as white as the snow, cheeks as red as the blood, and hair as black as the ebony of the window frame. The baby was called "Snow-White," and then, alas! the queen died.

The king soon married another wife who was beautiful and proud, and so vain that she hated the thought of any one being handsomer than herself. The new queen had a fairy looking-glass, into



LITTLE SNOW WHITE.

which she was always gazing. Every day she looked in the glass, and when she saw herself she would say,—

*"O magic mirror on the wall,
Who is the fairest lady of all?"*

And then the glass would reply,—

"Thou art the fairest, so graceful and tall."

Then the queen would smile and say, "My glass always tells the truth."

But day by day little Snow-White grew prettier and prettier, until, when she was seven years old, she was the loveliest girl in all the land. No one, not even the queen, was as beautiful as she.

One morning, when the queen asked her usual question of her glass, she got this reply,—

*"Thou wert the fairest lady
to see,
But Snow-White is now
far fairer than thee."*

Then the queen went white with rage and envy, and, calling the huntsman, said,—

"Take Snow - White into the deepest and darkest wood, and there kill her."



The huntsman did as he was bidden, and took the child into the darkest part of the forest. He was just going to kill her when

she fell on her knees, and, with the tears streaming from her eyes, cried,—

“Oh, dear huntsman, spare my life. Do not kill me, but leave me here.”

The huntsman did not like the task of killing such a pretty little child, so he left her to her fate, believing that the wolves and bears would soon eat her up. When he reached the palace he falsely told the queen that he had done her bidding, and that Snow-White was now dead.

Hour after hour the poor child wandered about the forest. She met many wild beasts who roared at her and frightened her very much, but not one of them did her any harm. Just as the sun was setting she came to a little house. The door was open; so she went in and sat down to rest, for she was very tired and hungry.



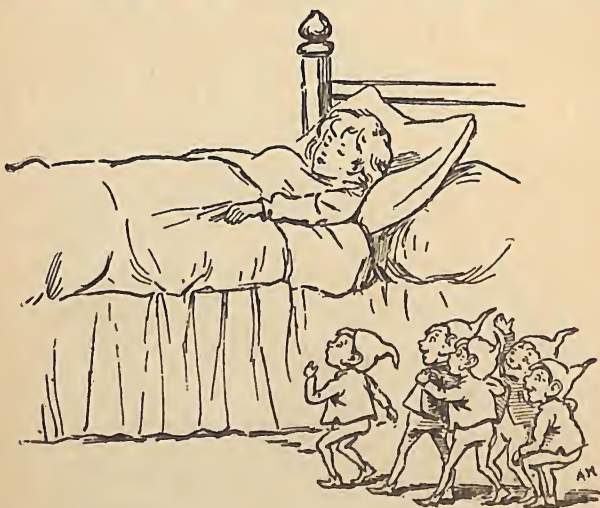
When she looked round she was surprised to see that everything in the cottage was neat and tidy. On the table was spread a snow-white cloth, and on the cloth were seven little plates full of porridge, and seven little mugs full of milk. By the side of each plate was a spoon, a knife, and a fork. By the side of the table were seven little chairs. Against the wall were seven little beds. Snow-White was very, very hungry, and when she looked at the porridge and the milk her poor little mouth watered.

“I am sure nobody will miss a spoonful of porridge and a sip of milk,” she said, so she sat down on each chair and helped herself to just one spoonful from each plate, and just one sip from each mug. Then she thought she would go to bed, for she could hardly keep her poor tired eyes open. She tried all the beds one

after the other, and at last she found one that suited her nicely. Then she tucked herself up, said her prayers, and fell asleep.

When the stars came out, the masters of the cottage came home. They were seven little dwarfs who worked all the day in the gold-mines on the mountains. As soon as they came in they lighted seven little lamps, and then they saw that somebody had been in their room. The first said, "Who has been sitting on my chair?" The second said, "Who has been eating off my plate?" The third said, "Who has been drinking out of my mug?" The fourth said, "Who has been touching my knife?" The fifth said, "Who has been meddling with my fork?" The sixth said, "Who has been using my spoon?" And the seventh said, "Who has been eating my porridge?"

Then the first looked round and said, "Who has been lying on my bed?" When the others heard this they all looked at their beds, and five of the others asked the same question. The last one



ran to his bed and cried out, "Here she is! here she is!" Then the seven little men brought their lamps, and the light fell on poor little Snow-White, who lay fast asleep.

"What a lovely child she is!" they all cried. "Do not waken her; let her sleep. We will share our beds with one another."

So they did, and Snow-White slept peacefully until morning.

When Snow-White awoke she saw the seven little men; but she was not a bit frightened, for they all smiled at her, and she knew that she was amongst friends.

"Why did you come to us?" they asked, and then Snow-White told them her pitiful story. When the tale was finished, the dwarfs said,—

"You shall stay with us and be our little housekeeper. You shall cook our meals, make our beds, mend our clothes, and keep our house nice and clean. We will take care of you, and no harm shall come to you."

Snow-White thanked them, and then the little men went out to their day's work in the gold-mines. At night, when they came home, they found their suppers quite ready, and they all spent a pleasant evening. The dwarfs told Snow-White that she must be careful not to let any one come into the cottage.

"The queen will soon find out where you are, and try to get you into her power," they said.

The queen, however, thought that Snow-White was dead, and so she was happy once more. One day she went to her mirror and said,—

*"O magic mirror on the wall,
Who is the fairest lady if all?"*

And to her surprise the glass answered,—

*"Thou wert the fairest of all to see;
But far away, 'neath the greenwood tree,
Dwells little Snow-White in the Seven Dwarfs' Cot:
She is the fairest, and thou art not."*

Then the queen was frightened, for she knew that the mirror always spoke the truth, and that Snow-White was still alive. So she dressed herself like a pedlar-woman, and rubbed her face with walnut juice until she looked like a gipsy. Then she took a tray full of ribbons and laces and bobbins of silk, and set out for the forest. At last she came to the door of the cottage in which Snow-White was living, and cried,—

"Fine wares to sell! fine wares to sell! who'll buy my fine wares?"

Snow-White came to the door to see who was crying her wares in the forest. She saw the pretty things which the pedlar had to sell, and quite forgot the dwarfs' warning. Then she asked the queen to come inside and show her the pretty things on her tray.

"Here is a new pair of stays," said the queen. "Put them on; they will suit you well."

So Snow-White did, and then the queen began to lace them up. She laced them so tightly that all the breath was squeezed out of the girl's body, and she fell down like one dead. Then the queen laughed with joy, and went off towards the palace, saying,—

"She is dead, and I am the fairest lady in all the land once more."

In the evening, when the dwarfs came home from the mines, they were much frightened at seeing their dear little housekeeper lying on the ground as though dead. They picked her up and cut her stays in pieces, and soon Snow-White began to breathe. In a short time she was quite well. She told the dwarfs all that had happened, and they begged her to be careful and never let any one come into the cottage.

"The pedlar-woman was no other than your step-mother," they said. "If you do not do as we tell you, you will surely come to harm."

When the queen got home she laughed and sang with joy to think that there was no one alive more beautiful than herself. She went to her mirror and asked the usual question, but you can imagine her rage and grief when she got this answer,—

*"Thou wert the fairest of all to see;
But far away, 'neath the greenwood tree,
Dwells little Snow-White in the Seven Dwarfs' Cot:
She is the fairest, and thou art not."*

She went white with anger and spite when she learned that Snow-White still lived, and she put on another dress, and taking a comb, which was steeped in poison, she set out for the dwarfs' cottage once more. She knocked at the door, but Snow-White would not let her in. Then the queen went to the window and held up her comb, and said,—

“Let me in, and I'll give you this beautiful comb.”

Snow-White consented at last, and then the wicked queen said,—

“Let me comb your beautiful hair.”

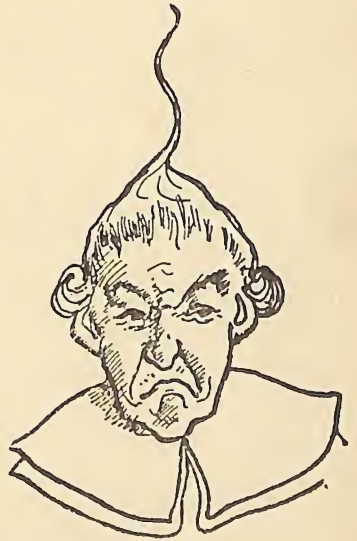
Snow-White agreed; but no sooner did the poisoned comb touch her hair than she fell down senseless.

“Now you are dead,” said the queen. “Now it is all over with you, and I am happy once more.”

So saying she went back home.

When the dwarfs returned they were full of grief at the sight of their little housekeeper lying white and still, like one dead. They soon saw the poisoned comb, and at once drew it out of her hair. Then the little girl came to life again, and again they warned her that she must not open the door to anybody.

Meanwhile the queen had reached home, and had asked her usual question of her mirror. Once more she got an answer that told her that Snow-White was alive. Her rage and anger were terrible to see, and she there and then made up her mind that Snow-White should die even if she died too. So she went to a wizard and got from him an apple with such rosy red cheeks that every child would wish to have it. The outside of the apple, however, was covered with poison, and any one who ate of it would be sure to die—so the wizard said.



Then the queen put on another dress and a white wig, and once more set off for the dwarfs' cottage.

"Let me in," she cried, as she knocked at the door.

But Snow-White would not, and said,—

"The dwarfs say you must not come in."

"Well," said the queen, "if you will not let me come into the cottage, please take this beautiful apple to eat."

Snow-White longed to taste the fruit, and so she opened the door an inch or two and took the apple from the queen. Then she began to eat it, and at once fell down on the ground.

"Now you are dead," said the wicked woman, "and the dwarfs cannot bring you to life."

When she got home she asked her mirror, "Who is the fairest lady of all?" And this was the answer,—

"Thou art the fairest, so graceful and tall."

Then the wicked queen laughed and danced with glee, for she felt sure that Snow-White was really

dead. And so she was, for the dwarfs did everything they could to bring her to life, but in vain. They put her body on a bier and wept over her for three days, so great was their grief. Then they put her in a glass coffin, and said, "We will not bury her in the cold ground." On the glass coffin they wrote her name in letters of gold, and then they carried it to a distant rock, and night and day one of the dwarfs watched by it. Snow-White looked very beautiful and very peaceful in her glass coffin, and the dwarfs wept bitter



tears whenever they looked at her. Even the birds sobbed and wailed. First of all came an owl, then a raven, and last of all a dove, that softly mourned by her side.

Days, weeks, months, and years went by, and still Snow-White in her glass coffin looked as if she were peacefully sleeping. Her skin was still as white as the snow; her cheeks were still as red as the blood; and her hair was still as black as the ebony window frame. One day a young prince came riding through the forest. He pulled up his horse when he saw the glass coffin, and got down to look at the beautiful maiden lying in it. At once he fell in love with her, and said to the dwarfs,—

“Give me this glass coffin, and I will pay you much gold.”

“No, no,” said the dwarfs; “we will not sell it for all the gold in the world.”

“Then give it to me,” begged the prince, “for I cannot live without this beautiful maiden. I will keep her by my side as long as I live.”

When the dwarfs saw that the prince really loved Snow-White they gave him the glass coffin, and the prince blew a blast upon his bugle horn. His servants came, and on their shoulders they carried Snow-White towards his palace. As they journeyed through the forest they stumbled over the rocky way, and lo and behold the piece of poisoned apple in Snow-White’s mouth fell out. Presently she opened her eyes; then she sat up, and, raising the lid of the glass coffin, asked,—

“Where am I?”

You may imagine the joy of the prince when he discovered that Snow-White was alive. She told him all her story, and he carried her off to the royal palace, where he took her hand and led her to the king, his father. Then he asked her to be his wife, and Snow-White consented. What a wonderful wedding they had! It was the most splendid that had ever been seen in that land, and Snow-White was the happiest princess that ever lived.

Snow-White’s step-mother was invited to the wedding; but

she did not come to it, and I'll tell you why. When she was dressed in all her beautiful robes, and her carriage was waiting to carry her to the wedding, she stepped in front of her mirror and asked,—

*“O magic mirror on the wall,
Who is the fairest lady of all?”*

And the reply was,—

*“Thou wert the fairest, so graceful and tall,
But Snow-White the princess is fairest of all.”*

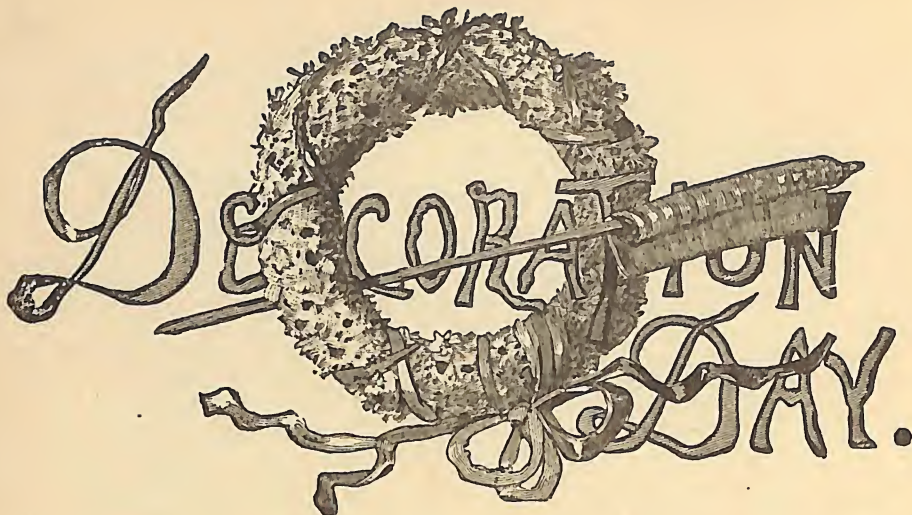
Then the queen fell into a terrible rage. She stamped and cried and tore her hair, and bit her nails and scratched her face, and foamed at the mouth and fell down in a fit. She choked with anger, and died. I never heard of any one who was sorry to hear of her death.

As for Snow-White, she was more beautiful than ever, and the prince loved her very dearly. Once a year the princess went into the forest and paid a visit to the kindly little dwarfs who had been so good to her in her time of need. They laughed and sang with joy, and blessed the day when Snow-White first visited their cottage. That's all the story, and I need not tell you that Snow-White and her prince lived happily ever after.





DECORATION DAY.
II



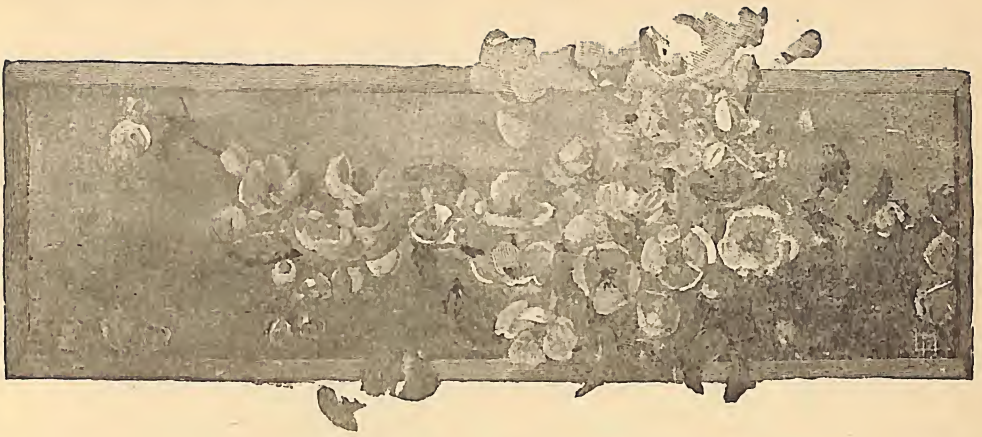
I'll twine a wreath of daisies white
Around my grandpa's sword —
The sword that thirty years ago
Kept back the invading horde.

My grandpa fought for freedom's cause,
In freedom's cause he died;
His soldier-grave lies far away
Upon the green hillside.

I cannot go as others do
To plant, on that dear spot,
Carnations red, and lilies white,
And blue forget-me-not.

So every Decoration Day,
When soldiers' graves are bright
With flowers gay, round grandpa's sword
I'll twine, of daisies white,

A great round wreath, all bravely tied
With ribbons red and blue,
In memory of one who died
A soldier brave and true.



A SHOWER OF FLOWERS.

A TRUE STORY.

THE twenty little girls in Miss Gray's school wore very sad faces one bright April afternoon. Shall I tell you why?

These little girls lived in the sunny South. This was the last day of school, and their teacher, Miss Gray, was soon going to her northern home. All the children loved Miss Gray, and were grieved at the thought of parting with her.

After school was done, and all had said "good-night" to Miss Gray, Elsie Blake beckoned the little girls to her.

"Girls," she said, "I have thought of a beautiful plan, which I am sure you will all like. You know Miss Gray is very fond of the yellow jessamine. She says she thinks it the sweetest of all flowers, and has asked me to get a bunch for her to take North to show her friends.

"Now, my plan is this: Let us each get a large bunch of jessamine, and to-morrow morning, when she rings the bell for us to march into the school-room, let us each, as we pass her chair, toss a bouquet into her lap."

The girls were delighted, and agreed to keep the plan a secret.

"How surprised Miss Gray will be to have twenty bouquets all at once!" said Elsie, and all the girls clapped their hands at the thought.

When Miss Gray reached the school-house the next morning, she was surprised to see no children in the playground, but as she entered the schoolroom she heard low voices in the dressing-room.



Taking her seat she touched the bell. In came the children, and then followed, to Miss Gray's utter amazement, a perfect shower of bouquets.

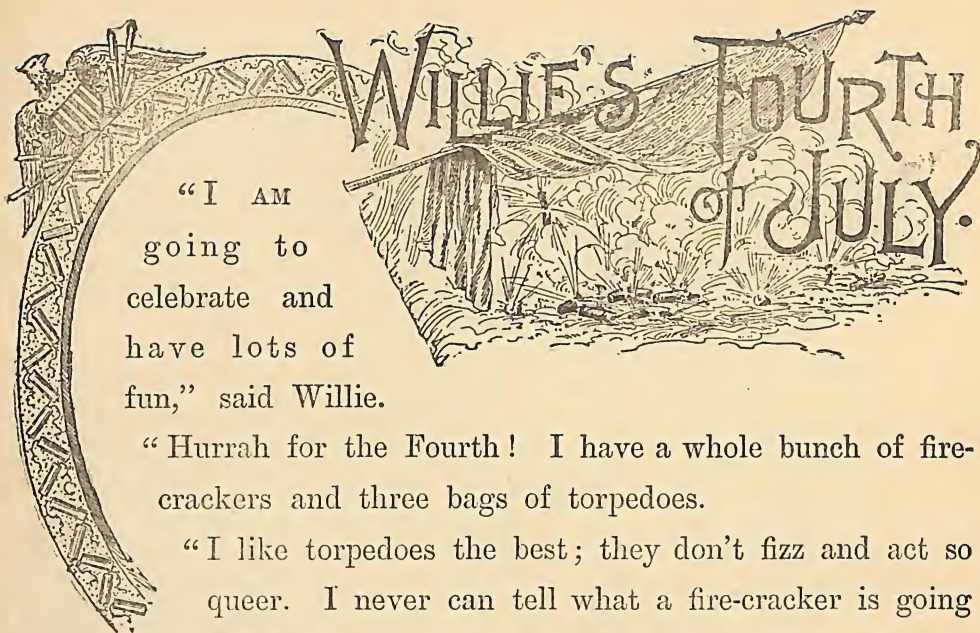
The desk, her lap, and the floor about her were covered with the dainty, fragrant, golden blossoms.

How pleased Miss Gray was! And how the children laughed as



she said with a happy smile, "I have been caught in many a shower, but never in so sweet a one as this."

They were indeed delighted when she added, "I will pack the bouquets, every one, in a large box, and take them to the North with me."



"I AM
going to
celebrate and
have lots of
fun," said Willie.

"Hurrah for the Fourth! I have a whole bunch of fire-crackers and three bags of torpedoes.

"I like torpedoes the best; they don't fizz and act so queer. I never can tell what a fire-cracker is going to do. Sometimes it goes off and sometimes it does not. You can pick up a torpedo right away if it doesn't snap.

"I guess I'll go back and get all torpedoes."

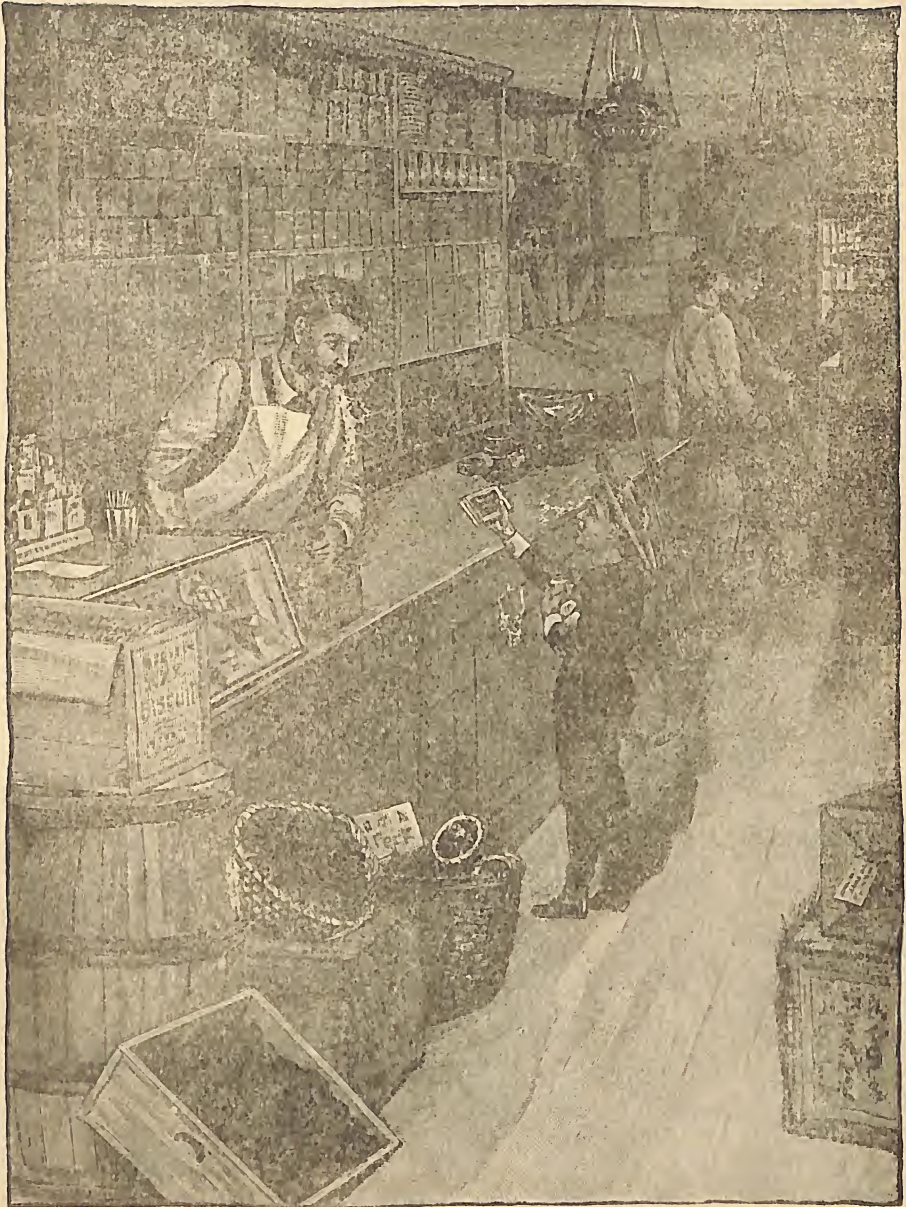
The storekeeper willingly made the exchange, and Willie again started for home. Just ahead of him was an express wagon; the driver invited him to ride, and Willie climbed in.

"You had better sit down," said the driver; but Willie felt pretty big with his pockets loaded with torpedoes, and he decided to remain standing.

He was all right until they came to a street-crossing, when a sudden jerk tipped him out heels over head.

Snap! snap! bang! bang! went the torpedoes.

Of course Willie screamed; he was not much hurt, but badly frightened. He had only a few torpedoes left, but grandpa took pity on him and made it all right by giving him money to buy more.



If you want to see Willie angry, ask him which he likes best, torpedoes or fire-crackers.

Blundering Bess

by Frank H. Stauffer



BLUNDERING Bess says the funniest
things,
And oddly her words she transposes;
Unwittingly so, I very well know,
For never a sign she discloses.



"The pumpkin ran off with the pig;"
"There's a heel in the hole of my stock-
ing;"
"Fred feathered my nose with a tickle;"
It either is funny or shocking!

Her tongue runs on at a rapid rate,
Her merry blue eyes keep a-winking;
Why all this is so I really don't know,
Unless she talks on without thinking.





HOW SCAMP SAW IT RAIN CATS.

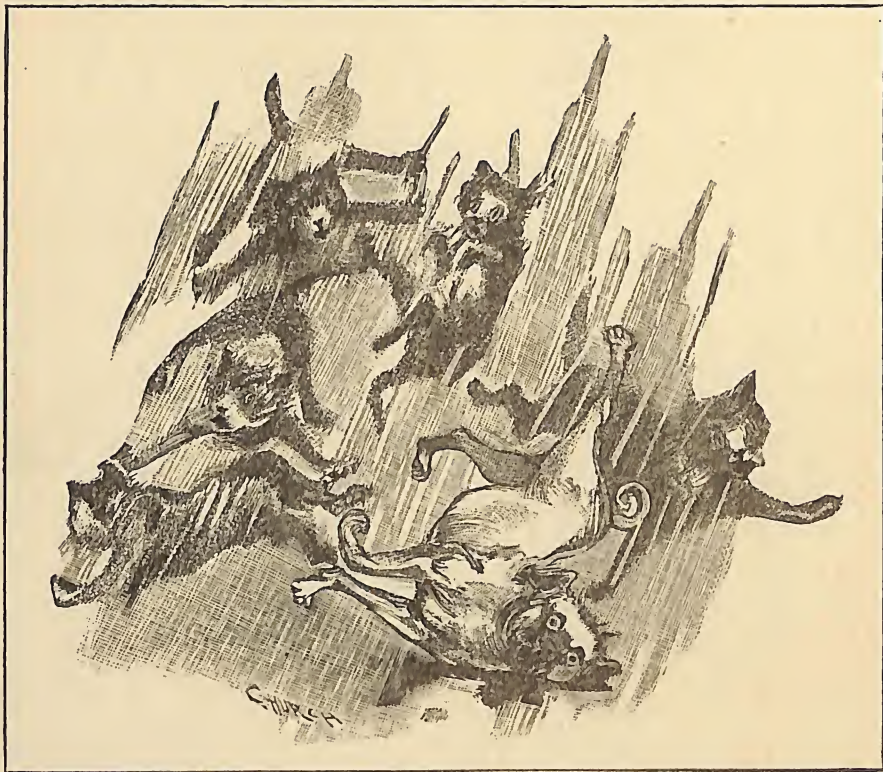
I ONCE heard my master say something about raining cats and dogs. Sometimes I wish it would rain dogs, for I am awful lonely, and would like to have another pug dog to play with.

I guess the nearest I ever came to seeing it rain cats was to-day. You remember I wrote something in my diary about Buttercup, my master's little niece, — how I went driving with her and ran away and a big dog got after me. Well, to-day Buttercup and the twins — they are Buttercup's sisters — came to spend the summer with me. It is funny they should come to see me, a pug dog, and I really think they came to see my master's mother.

When they got out of the carriage each twin had a kitten under her arm. Buttercup carried a cat. But she dropped it when she saw me, and kissed me, — yes, right on the end of my black nose. They had hardly arrived before Martha Brittan came along carrying a bag over her shoulder. Martha is a colored woman who lives near us in

the country. When she reached the front porch of the house, she put the bag down, and there was a funny noise inside it.

"Please, ma'am," she said to my master's mother, "I have



brought all the five cats home again ; Master Alexis told me to keep them for him last winter."

Oh, I was glad to hear that, for the cats were kittens last summer !

I used to have lots of fun with them. I stood on my hind-legs to see if I could look into the bag. Just then my master's mother said, "Martha Brittan, just you carry those cats back home again ; I have enough trouble with Scamp and the twins, without five cats to bother with."

I don't know if she scared Martha or not, but I do know just then the bag flew open and all the cats jumped out.

My! what a fuss they made. The twins dropped their kittens out of their arms. I was so frightened I fell over on my back. I am sure it rained cats then. Next thing I knew Martha was going home with her empty bag, and Alexis, Buttercup, and the twins were chasing the cats. Of course I went too, but we never caught them.



How Victor Saved the Baby

Hester Vickery Brown



A nurse was rocking baby Rose to sleep, she told Victor for the first time the story of the old lady who had such trouble in getting her pig over the stile. He liked it so much that he insisted upon learning it. By that time baby was tucked into her pretty lace-trimmed crib, and nurse was ready to go downstairs.

"But I won't be long away, Victor," she said, "and I know you'll be a good boy."

And then she put a fresh log on the nursery fire and ran down the stairs catching a last glimpse of Victor sitting on his play-room floor, building a block house and saying over to himself :

"Pig, pig, won't go over the stile,
And I'll not get home to-night."

He was such an obedient little fellow that he would have stayed just there till her return. Fortunately for baby and every one who loved her, he soon found that he must have two blocks which he had left on the nursery floor.

"I'll just creep in and get them," he thought ; but when he had crept in, what do you think he saw ?

Not the blocks, though they lay just where he had left them ; not the baby, who was still fast folded in a lovely, dewy sleep ; not the big fire burning on the hearth, but a wicked little fire which had been kindled by an adventurous spark that had blown out over the fire-





screen right into the muslin draperies of baby's bed. It was a fire which was rapidly making its way toward the pillow on which lay the dear baby's golden head.

Just for a minute Victor remained motionless. Then the old jingle came again into his head, and saying aloud,

“Water; water, quench fire,”



he seized the pitcher from the washstand. Exerting all the strength of his sturdy little body, he poured its contents over “baby, cradle, and all.” Then he let the pitcher fall with a loud crash. Between the crash and the shower bath, baby woke up and screamed to the full extent of her small lungs.

Mamma heard her at the front door and nurse heard her down in

the laundry. Together they rushed to the darling's rescue, there to discover the deadly peril from which brave little Victor had saved her. Then they did not know which child they should hug hardest; but Victor said with much satisfaction, "Water, water did quench fire."

JESSIE'S LESSON.

SHE was very fair, with light, fluffy curls, deep-blue eyes, and a rosebud of a mouth. When asked her age she said she was "half-past three."

Because she was so pretty, foolish people had praised her until the little head was nearly turned.

She had become so vain that she would cry if she could not wear one of her prettiest dresses every day. She would run away whenever she found a chance. This habit worried and frightened her friends.

One warm day her busy mother resolved to dress her so that there would be no danger of her running away.

Removing her dress, shoes, and stockings, some old slippers were tied on the bare feet; then a flour sack cut open at the end, with places at the sides for arm-holes, was put on her for a dress and tied around the waist with a tow-string. A newspaper pinned into the shape of a peaked hat was placed upon her head. She was put out into the back-yard with some playthings, and her mother, with a sigh of relief, returned to her household duties.

A little while Jessie amused herself with her toys in the shade of a large tree. Tiring of this she looked about for something else. Seeing a loose board in the fence she pushed it aside, wriggled her plump little self through, and was in a neighbor's yard. There she saw an open gate leading out into the street. Forgetting all about her queer attire she ran through it and down the street. Some small boys catching sight of the strange object ran with a whoop after her. Others joined as she ran on in mad haste. Soon the crowd were yelling the words in large letters on the paper dress, "Family Flour."

An old gentleman approached to learn the reason of the clamor. Seeing the boys in full chase of what he concluded was a child, he



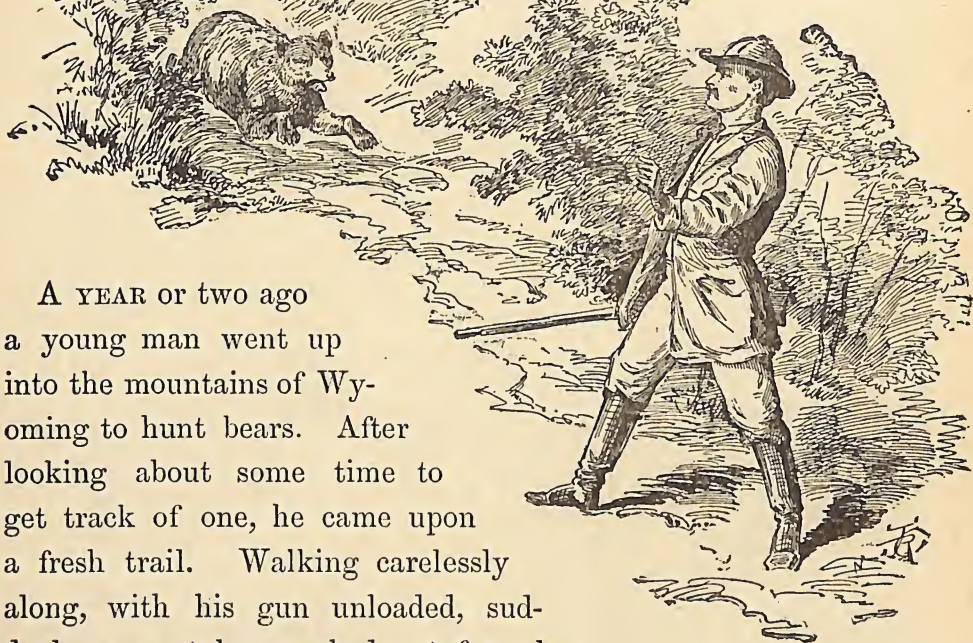
scattered the crowd, and a terrified little girl ran to him screaming, "Grandpa!"

After a look at the tear-stained face he recognized his own pet Jessie. He carried her home in his arms. It was her last runaway. This is a true story.



JESSIE'S LESSON.

A BEAR HUNT



A YEAR or two ago a young man went up into the mountains of Wyoming to hunt bears. After looking about some time to get track of one, he came upon a fresh trail. Walking carelessly along, with his gun unloaded, suddenly a great bear rushed out from behind some bushes, and, with an angry growl, came running right towards him.

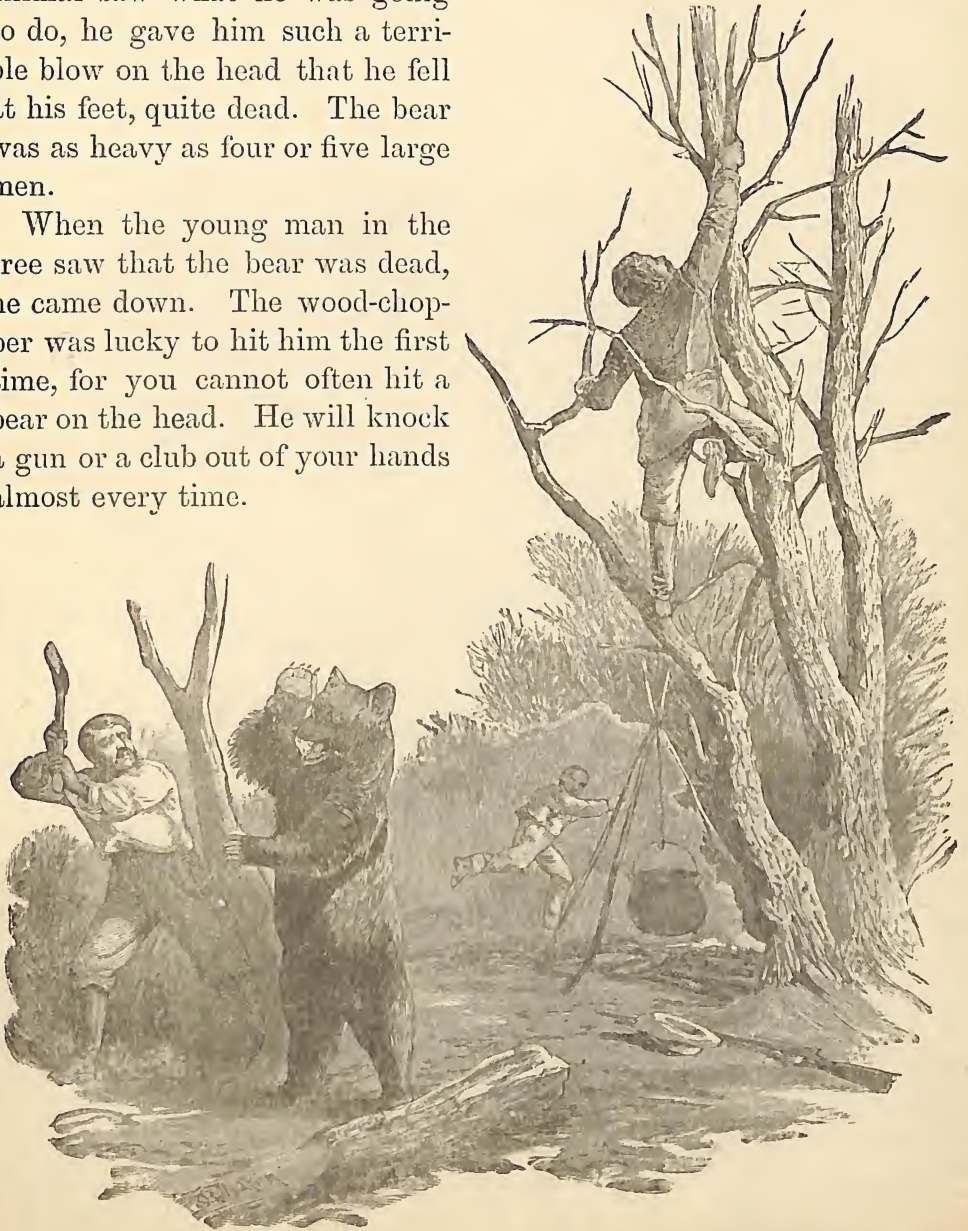
The young man had no time to load his gun, and he ran away as fast as he could. In a grove of trees he had seen some wood-choppers at work. When he reached the grove, he dropped his gun at the foot of a tree, and climbed up just in time to get out of the way of the pursuer.

The bear reached the grove, but did not notice the young man. He rushed after a wood-chopper he saw close by. This man had no time to run away, or to climb a tree. Hiding himself as well as he could, he lifted his great, sharp axe, and, as the bear came near, he brought down the weapon with a swinging blow right on the head of the bear.

A BEAR HUNT.

The bear struck at the man with his paw, and knocked the axe out of his hands. The poor man was terribly frightened. He thought the bear would certainly kill him now. But he saw that the bear was so dizzy he could hardly stand, and he picked up his axe. Before the animal saw what he was going to do, he gave him such a terrible blow on the head that he fell at his feet, quite dead. The bear was as heavy as four or five large men.

When the young man in the tree saw that the bear was dead, he came down. The wood-chopper was lucky to hit him the first time, for you cannot often hit a bear on the head. He will knock a gun or a club out of your hands almost every time.





HOW ROBBIE SAW THE GRAND ARMY.

THE soldiers had come to Milwaukee from all parts of the land to spend a few days in tents, telling over stories of the war. The city was very gay with flags and streamers, the stores and houses all dressed in red, white, and blue, and the streets brilliant at night with arches of colored gas-lights and the dazzling electric lights.

There was to be a grand procession by day and a naval battle by night. No one would be hurt in this battle, but it would be a grand sight, and Robbie was very anxious to see it.

When the procession began to pass, the family took their chairs and sat on the lawn watching the bands in gay uniform, the soldiers carrying beautiful banners, and the horses proudly prancing as if they enjoyed the music. There were over a thousand horses, each bearing a soldier, and many, many thousands of men on foot.

Robbie could not understand why the crowds of people on the

sidewalks and in front of the houses cheered so when some torn and smoky flags were carried by.

What pleased him most was the umbrella brigade, all carrying umbrellas, either white, or red, or blue, arranged in rows to represent



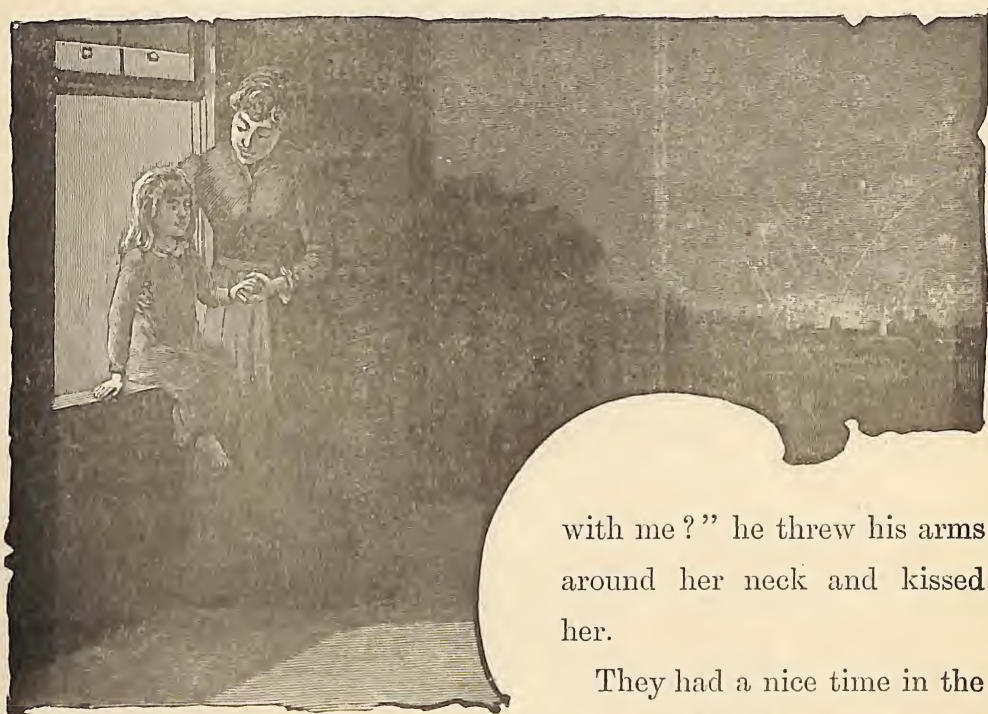
the stars and stripes. When one looked down on them a great flag seemed to be moving along the street.

At dinner Robbie heard them talking about the grand illumination of the bay, and the fine display of fireworks which would close the naval battle.

They said some ships would attempt to take the city, and troops on shore would repulse them with cannon, shells, and guns, and at last the pretended enemy would give up and go off in small boats.

and then one of the ships would be set on fire and burned, and the other would be blown up.

He wanted very much to go with the older people. But he was a loving little boy, and when mamma said: "Who will stay at home



with me?" he threw his arms around her neck and kissed her.

They had a nice time in the parlor, though the cannon boomed, until at last she took him upstairs to bed.

Just as she was ready to come down again she saw from a back window the rockets in the sky, and heard the whistles of all the tugs and boats giving tokens of victory. The kitchen roof was under the bath-room window. Calling him, his mamma helped him through the window. There in his little white nighty and bare feet, this warm August night, with the sky full of stars above him, Robbie watched the fireworks and illumination to his heart's content.



DORRY'S FIRE-ALARM.

A HEAD of fluffy yellow curls, two big blue eyes, a turned-up nose, a buttonhole for a mouth,—that was Dorry. The very sunniest little fellow in all the world.

Always ready to drop his playthings to run on errands — that was the reason he was asked so many times a day by papa, mamma, and aunties.

A new aunt had come to visit them, and Dorry was not surprised to see her approach him with a letter in her hand.

“Dear little Thistledown, will you take this to the mail-box for me?”

Dorry tossed aside his spade, took the letter and ran to the corner. But when he got there he was puzzled, for there were two iron boxes instead of one. Which was the letter-box?

One had a door, so he opened it, put the letter in very hard, so it would stay, and shut the door.

Hark! What was that noise? Away down the street came the sound of bell and gong. Nearer and nearer, until up dashed a fire-engine, the smoke pouring from it and the firemen in their great hats ready for work.

Dorry was surprised. Where was the fire? Around the corner came a hose-cart followed by another. The firemen ran from house to house looking for the fire. The neighbors wondered if it could be in the house next to theirs.

“I should like to put my hands on the boy who sounded the alarm!” said the fire-chief; and all the little boys trembled in their shoes at the sound of his voice.

“I have found what the trouble is,” said a fireman holding up a letter, “I knew it would be the way when those new boxes that could be opened without keys were put up.”

“Why, that’s my letter!” cried Aunt Fan.

Dorry’s heart gave a great throb. It was the very letter he had taken to the corner a few moments before. He had put it into the fire-alarm box instead of the letter box.

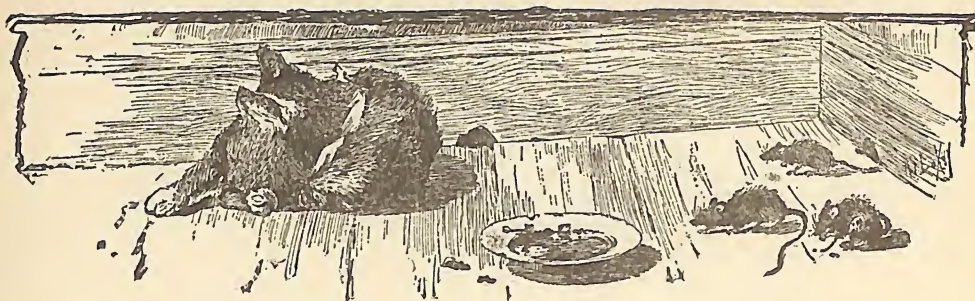
“Will they put me in jail?” he whispered, creeping close to Aunt Fan.

“Not this time,” said the chief, “because you made a mistake; but if you should ever do it again I cannot say what would be done.”

But Dorry never did it again.



"AFAR IN HIS ICE-BOUND PALACE."



PET IN THE COUNTRY.—XI.

ASLEEP ON THE HAY.



THE two playmates were delighted to see each other again. Frankie had grown tall and his hair was cut short. Pet was so brown and rosy that Frankie hardly knew her. How their tongues went that day and for many a day after! How they ran all over the farm after grandpa, and what good times they had!

When the haying began no one saw them in the house from breakfast till supper. Grandpa said that he would see that no harm happened to them in the fields; and grandma had to be satisfied with this promise, though she shook her head somewhat doubtfully.

One hot afternoon, near the end of the haying season, Pet and Frankie, sitting on the shady side of a haystack, felt so tired after their morning romp that they went to sleep, their heads falling back against the hay, and Sugar lying curled up at their feet.

So grandpa found his "tots" when he came to look for them. He watched them for a minute or so with a smile on his kind face, then walked away without waking them. "Cyrus," said he to one of the men who were loading a wagon in another part of the field, "I think there will be a shower this afternoon. When you take your last

wagon in, wake up those children who are asleep behind that haystack, and get them indoors before it rains."

"All right, sir," said Cyrus ; and grandpa walked away. But the



thunder-storm came up very quickly, and Cyrus was so busy that he forgot all about the children. He was driving into the barn with his last load before he remembered them.

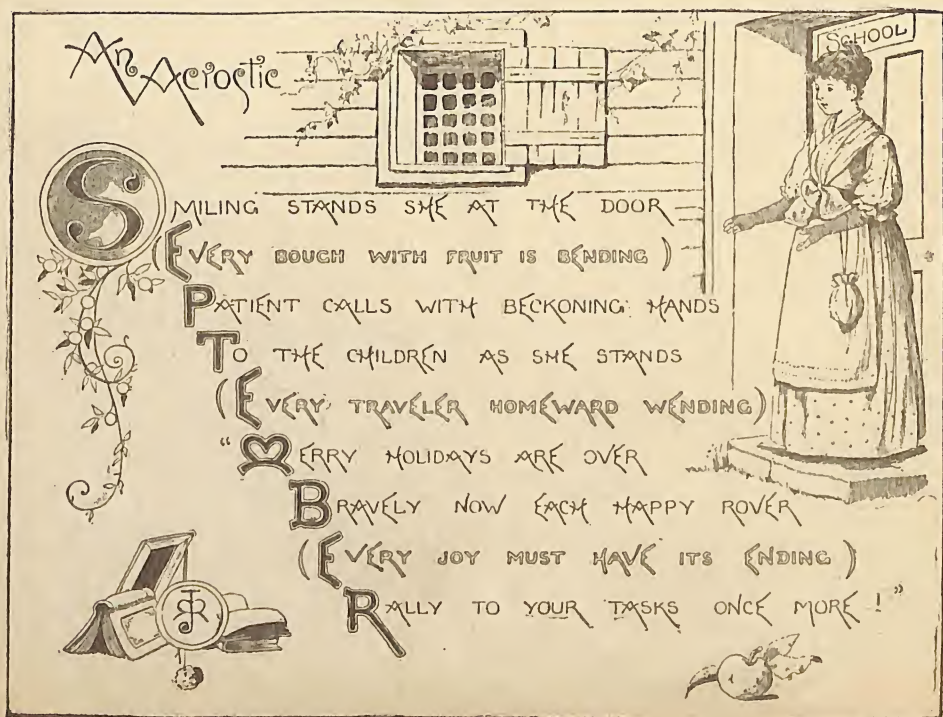
Meanwhile the thunder rolled and the rain came down in torrents. Grandma, sitting at the parlor window, was just thinking what a nice

time the children were having in the barn with grandpa, when she suddenly saw two little figures coming down the road struggling with the wind and rain. A little dog, with his tail between his legs, was running in front of them.

"Why didn't you come in before the storm came up?" asked grandma, a few moments later, when the children stood in the hall, wet through, the water running into their eyes from the brims of their hats and dripping from every button and string.

"We went to sleep," said Frankie, looking rather ashamed; "when we woke up it was raining."

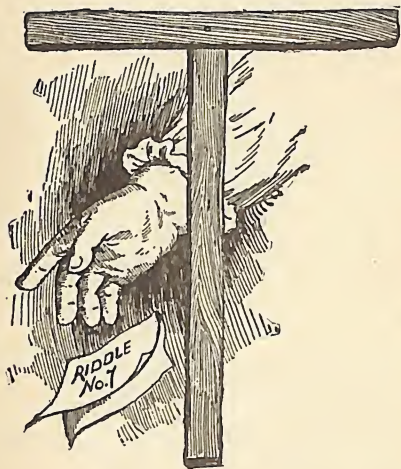
"So that is the way grandpa takes care of you, is it?" said grandma, as she seated Pet and Frankie. She warmed, dried, and clothed them from head to foot before the kitchen fire, and gave them each a steaming bowl of hot milk. "I'll remember another time."





POMPEY AND HIS OWL.

ROBIN BOY'S RIDDLES.—VI.



THE sun shone brightly in at the nursery windows, and Dick, the canary, sang as if he would split his tiny throat, and two other little voices rang out with happy laughter at the sound. Robin Boy had quite forgotten his riddle, for he had something much better to think about. Aunt Mary had brought his little cousin to spend the day with him. She was only a baby, to be sure, and a girl at that; but then, she was such a sweet, merry, good-natured, roly-poly dot of a

baby, that even a big boy with pockets in his pants could not have wished for a better playmate; and a lovely time they had together among the toys and treasures of the nursery.

Robin did not think of his riddle until Aunt Mary came upstairs, and said it was time to go home.

"Oh!" he said, "if I had my fing, I would give it to the baby!"

Aunt Mary and mamma began to laugh at that.

"If you look hard," they said, "maybe you can find it now!"

"I don't see anyfing," said Robin, puzzled. "Anyfing 'cept the baby."

Then they laughed again, and caught up the darling, and showed him the roses in her pink cheeks, and the violets in her blue eyes, and the pearly teeth in her pretty mouth. And Robin clapped his hands with delight, when he remembered that, besides all this, her name was May.

"She's it! she's it!" he cried. "And I fink she is the nicest fing of all!"

"Dee, Wobin!" cooed the baby, holding out her hands to him. And shut close in her dimpled fist he found his next riddle-rhyme.



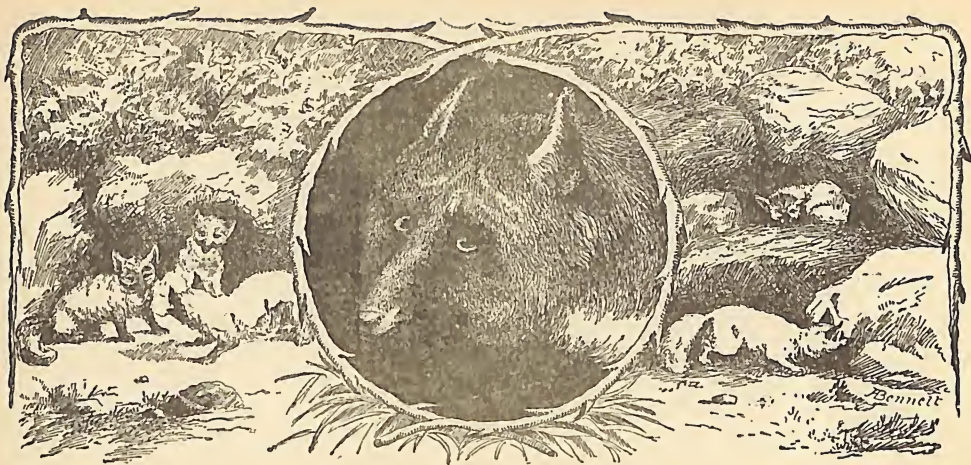
I am ten, and I am one.

You can hold me in your hand,
One to look at, ten to count.

Robin, do you understand?

In a snug and quiet place,
Where you'll never think to look,
Under lots of other things
Crowding this convenient nook,

Far, far down, and out of sight,
Though you strain your eyes to see,
With your fingers, Robin Boy,
Feel, and find, and capture me!



NINE LITTLE FOXES.

TOMMY and Bessie, Bert, and even little Caddie, think there is no treat like a visit to the Covill Farm.

They all jumped for joy when, one bright afternoon in early summer, their papa said : —

“I am going out past the Covill Farm, and if any little folks want to go along they may stop there while I do my errands.”

How soon they were all ready ! How busy all the little tongues were, talking over what they would see and do !

“There’ll be lots of little chickens now ; and ducklings, too !”

“Yes ; and we’ll see the dear little lambs, and the little calves !”

“And maybe we can go down to the boat-house, and have a row on the lake !”

But they never dreamed of the funny sight they really saw that afternoon. Papa set them all down at the gate, and drove on, promising to come back for them in an hour.

When he came back he tied his horse, and set out to find the little folks. But in a few moments they saw him, and came rushing across the yard, all talking at once : —

“O papa, come ! come and see !”

“Oh, so funny !”

Little two-year-old Caddie was as much excited as the rest ; she cried . —



“Take my hand, papa ! Little piggies shall not bite you !”

“Little piggies,” indeed ! Little foxes they were ; and nine of the cunning creatures. Only think !

The manager of the farm said that something had been killing his lambs, and he had been on the watch to find out the rascal.

One day, when he was out with his gun, he saw something moving

near an old woodchuck hole ; at least, there had been woodchucks there the year before.

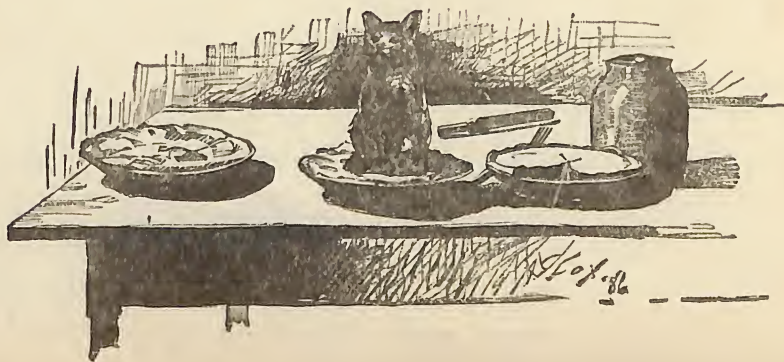
He went nearer, expecting to see a woodchuck again ; but there were these little foxes playing around. The woodchucks must have burrowed out, and an old fox taken possession of their hole for a den.

Mr. Nash lay down on the ground to count the funny little things, and watch them tumbling over each other. Then he tried to stop up the entrance to their den with his coat, so that he could catch them. But a tree root lay across the hole in such a way that there was a place left big enough for the little foxes to get in ; and in they went.

Then Mr. Nash went and called a man to help him. They took spades and dug into the hole until they found them.

They carried them up to the farm-yard, and put them into a pen. They were of a tawny color ; and when the children saw them they were about as large as cats, and as full of play as any kittens.

Mr. Nash said he did not want to kill them, because they were so cunning. But it was a good thing that he caught them. Just think how many chickens, and ducks, and geese, and lambs those nine foxes might have killed, if they had grown up in their den !





NANNIE GOES SAILING.

PERHAPS you will not care to go sailing in a tub when you hear of Nannie Lyon's experience. She had some fine times before going on her last voyage. One day she would sail to Africa for apples (a queer place to go for apples). Another day she went to South America for preserved plums or citron; again, to some near island

for a supply of lard or butter. She was even known at one time to bring in a cargo of soft soap.

The countries to which Nannie sailed were not ones you will find on your maps. No, indeed! for these countries were bounded by four cellar walls.



A wet spring had brought water into many cellars, and when Nannie discovered, one morning, that the floor of their large cellar was covered with water fully two feet deep, she was wild with delight.

Having a venturesome nature, she at once began to prepare for a voyage over her "ocean," as she called it. Her boat was a large wash-tub, in the management of which she soon became quite skilful. With the aid of a stout stick for steering and balancing, she would stand in the tub and sail all over the cellar.

Her family, finding what an expert sailor-lass she was, began to send her after all sorts of articles wanted from the cellar. Nannie enjoyed the trips, and named the different points to which she sailed.

One day she was visiting her little friends, Finette and Irene. They played until quite tired out, and then sat down to rest and think what they should do next. "Oh!" said Finette, suddenly, "I wish we had some apples to eat while we sit here; but there is so much water in our cellar that we cannot get to them."

Nannie offered to sail after some.

A tub that was within reach was drawn close to the cellar steps, and Nannie stepped into it. The bonnie boat, however, would not move.

"Oh! I see," cried Irene; "it is caught on the corner of this step. There! now it will go;" and she gave it a shove to free it. Well, go it did; but not in just the right direction, for down went one side and up tipped the other.

Nannie tried to steady herself, as usual, with the stick she held. She struck it quickly to the bottom of the cellar, thinking she could right the tub; but the stick stuck fast in the mud. She had not noticed before getting into the tub that this cellar floor was not cemented.

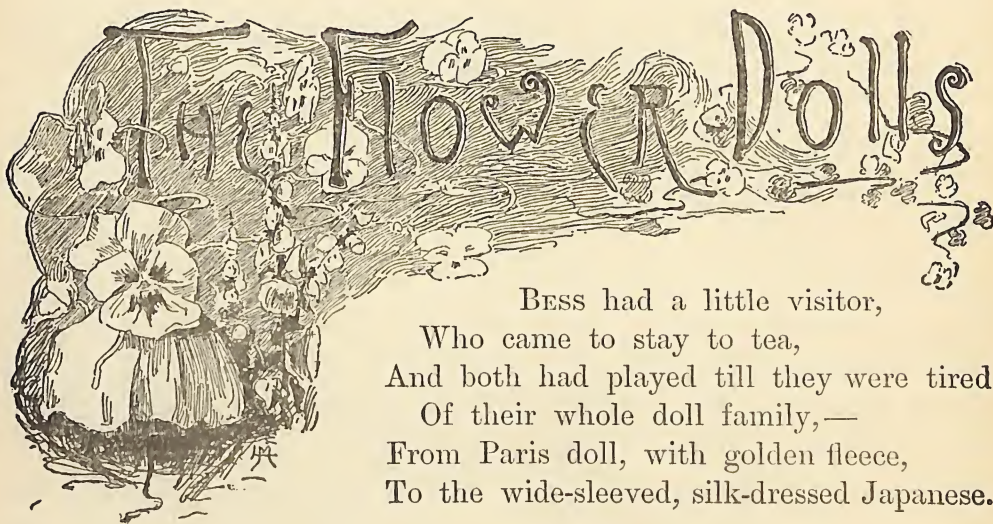


Splash — “O-h-h!” screamed Nannie and Finette. “Girl overboard!” cried Irene, and then they all shrieked with laughter, as Nannie, dripping and dragged, was helped upon the steps by her playmates.

These little girls saw only the funny side of things, so there was no wringing of hands over the disaster; but there was a great wringing of garments.

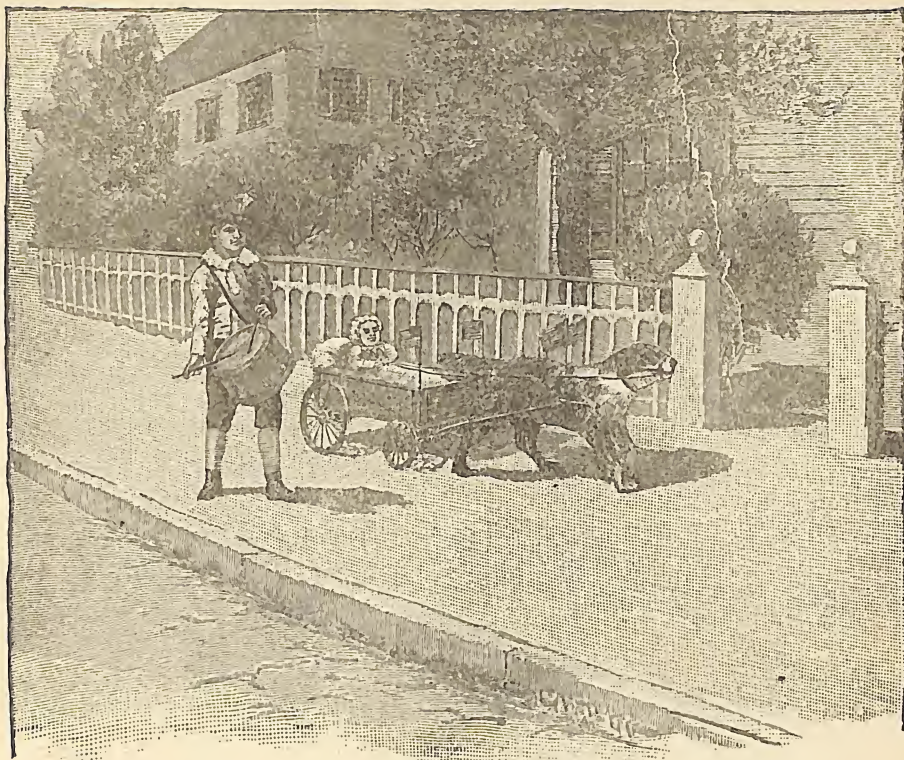
Dry clothing was hastily brought to Nannie from Irene’s wardrobe, and her own hung to dry beside a hot fire.

That was Nannie’s last voyage. Sailing in a tub did not seem so charming, somehow, after going overboard in that style.



BESS had a little visitor,
Who came to stay to tea,
And both had played till they were tired
Of their whole doll family,—
From Paris doll, with golden fleece,
To the wide-sleeved, silk-dressed Japanese.

“I wish we had some other kind,”
Said Bessie, with a yawn;
“A pillow-baby, heavy and white,
Or a squash, with an apron on!”
The little visitor wished so too,
But neither knew quite what to do.



A PATRIOTIC DOG.

WILLIE DEAN owns a dog called Dan, who is as fond of flags, fire-crackers, and all the noise and din of the Fourth of July as his young master. He was a very proud dog when he was decorated with flags and rosettes of red, white, and blue. He was harnessed to the little wagon, with baby Annie for a driver. Harry with his drum was escort, and he marched up and down the pavement on the glorious Fourth.

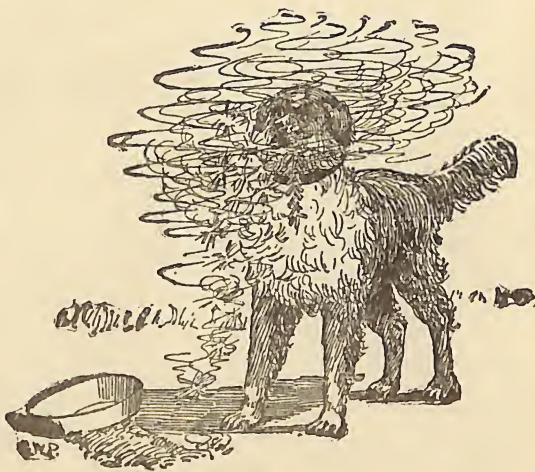
In the evening he was one of the features of the procession, as he walked in line and carried his torch "like a little man."

His great delight is to fire off crackers; and Willie could not hide them where he could not find them. At last he determined to put a large bunch under an old tin pan, and have a grand explosion. Dan

was nowhere to be seen, and Willie thought he had outwitted him for once.

Just as he got the crackers fixed, his mother called him and he went to see what she wanted. Dan came trotting through the yard and saw the upturned pan. He went to nosing around it, and smelled the burning fuse. With frantic haste he used his paws and nose, until he succeeded in upsetting the pan.

Then he snatched the crackers, and when Willie came back he found him standing like a statue with them in his mouth. When they exploded he stood among the flying bits of red paper and blinding smoke, as proud as a general after his first victorious battle.

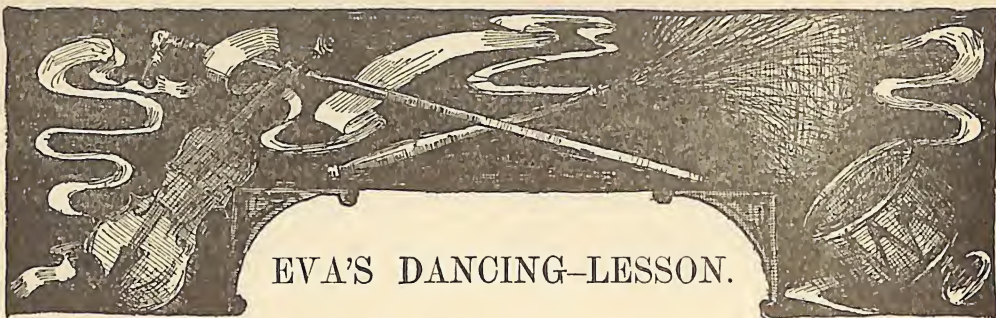


GOOD FOR NOTHING.

“JUST look at these pennies,” said roguish Dan
To his sturdy companion, Roy ;
“My mother gives me a penny a day
Whenever I’ve been a good boy.”



"I wouldn't be paid just for being good,"
Said Roy, with a toss of his head;
"I'd just as soon, and a little rather,
Be good, for nothing," he said.



EVA'S DANCING-LESSON.

"WHERE can Eva be, I wonder?"

This is what Mamma Brooks said. She looked up from her sewing-machine; Eva was nowhere in the room.

Perhaps she is hiding behind the sofa. But, no; she is not behind the sofa. She is not creeping on the ceiling, like a fly. She is not curled up in the work-basket, like a mouse. She is gone.

"She is so still that I fear something has happened," said Mamma Brooks. She went in search of her little girl.

Eva was not a noisy child. She could keep as still as a wooden dog with no legs when her mother took a nap. But she loved to sing and play upon her toy piano.

Now the house was silent. Why was this? Where could Eva be? And Tommy, too! What had become of Tommy?

Where would you look for this pair of missing children?

"I know, — in the pantry," you say. Well, you have a good nose for gingerbread, I think. Wrong! I will not keep you guessing. Follow Mamma Brooks!

Down the stairs she goes, on tiptoe, oh, so softly! Hark! No! That's only Jenny sweeping the kitchen.

Not in the parlor; nor in the dining-room. Hush! Listen at Papa Brooks' study-room. Open the door gently. Here they are! Ha, ha!

But what is this? Mamma Brooks stops, and we stop too. She smiles, and so we must laugh again. Ha, ha!

On the floor is a sheet of music. It is spread out so nicely that it might sing itself without wrinkling.

Little Eva is dancing around it — so grandly, with her skirts picked up quite in style. Round and round the music she goes, just as if mamma were playing it all on the piano.

"You dear little rogue!" And, hello! Here is Tommy, fiddling away with all his might. We do not hear him, for his violin is a feather brush, and his bow is papa's cane.

Hurry up the time, little man! We'll all dance around the sheet of music with Eva.

One, two, three, and away we go!



A BOY AND A BOAT.



ONCE there was a fat boy. He lived by a river. His name was Tommy. Tied to the bank of the river was a boat. He said to himself, "I am going down to that boat, see if I don't. Perhaps I will have a sail in it."

One morning he slipped slyly out of the house, not saying a word to his kind mother, I am sorry to say.

He was small, he was round. He did not wish his mother to see him, and he ran down the hill. If he had lain down, I think he might have rolled to the bottom, this round, fat boy.

He wore a bright plaid frock. It was red and black. He may have thought he looked very fine. Nobody doing wrong looks well.

"Oh, good!" he said, at the bank of the river. "Here is the boat. I—I—" What did he say he would do, think you?

Stop here, and look at the boat. It is not safe to keep looking at anything we ought not to have. It is better to run from it.

"I'll just step into the boat, put one foot in," said Tommy; and in went one fat foot. It is not safe, though, to give one leg to a wrong course. Take your two legs, or let them take you, and run away from what tempts you.

Bawl, bawl, bawl!

Somebody up on the bank was shouting to somebody else. Was it Judge Smith, the great man of the village, calling to Tommy? Down into the boat dropped Tommy. And then—we will find out what comes from looking too long and from giving one foot to a wrong course.

"Where's Tommy?" said Mrs. Parlin, his mother, about ten that morning. Nobody knew. She tried to find him upstairs; he was not there.

"He is in the garden," she said. No; guess again, Mrs. Parlin.

“He is in the barn,” she said. No ; guess again. She stopped guessing, put on her bonnet, and flew down the hill.



“Tommy in here ?” she asked at the post-office, the hotel, and the one store at the bridge over the river.

“Then — then he is in the river! Oh, Tommy!” she shrieked. She ran down to the water, saw the boat, and chanced to look in. What was it she saw under a bench? A strip of green baize hung down

from the bench, and peeping out at one corner of this curtain was a bit of red and black plaid.

Mrs. Parlin lifted the curtain, and tucked away, under the bench, was Tommy fast asleep. When he gave two legs to the boat, he



crawled down there under the bench lest some one might see him. Then he went down still farther into a deep slumber.

Ah, that bit of cloth told about Tommy! When we do wrong, can we always hide it from man, and do we ever hide it from God? Will not something tell of us?

A very sheepish Tommy went up the hill, I can tell you.



FIRE seems a strange thing to borrow, does it not, when it is so easy to make it with a match and some kindlings ?

People did not always have matches, though. When my father was a boy, no such things were known ; nor did any one have stoves. All the fires were in big, brick fireplaces. If the fire once went out, the only way it could be kindled again was by striking a spark with a flint and steel. This was hard, slow work, and so people always tried to keep their fire going. The last thing to be done every night, before the family went to bed, was to cover up a big bed of coals with ashes, so it would keep until morning, to be used in starting a new blaze.


Sometimes, though, if the work was not well done, the coals would

die out during the night. Then my father would be called bright and early in the morning, no matter how cold it was, to run to a neighbor's, half a mile away, and borrow some fire. Imagine how funny he must have looked, running home with a handful of live coals squeezed tight between two pieces of hemlock bark, so they should not die out!

Miss Bell.

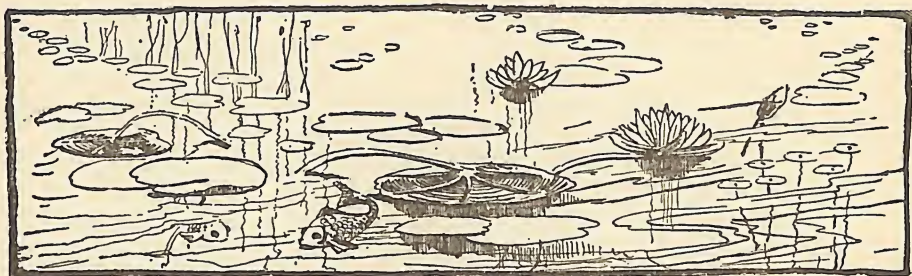
By Cornelia Redmond.



There was a young lady
whose name was Bell,
Who tumbled into the
 village well;
But somehow or other
the bucket caught her,
And they drew her up
with a pail of water.



THE BABY'S SIDE OF THE STORY.



THE BABY'S SIDE OF THE STORY.

A SWIMMING in the bathtub,
Oh yes, it's lots of fun,
And I'm the jolliest baby
That's living under the sun.

The children come a visiting
And make a dreadful din:
"Just see his funny little nose;
This dimple in his chin."

Off come my dainty little boots,
The pink-tipp'd toes to see,
And when I twist them in and out,
They laugh and shout with glee.

They roll me up in a blanket
And toss me like a ball;
I sometimes think I had rather
They would not come at all.



And if I scowl and crook my face
They think it only fun!
Then hug and kiss me all the more;
I'd like to make them run.

I'm often cross, and naughty too;
But then, who would not be?
This world has a lot of troubles
For a little boy like me.

Then mother folds me in her arms,
And sings her sweetest lay;
So that's the very happiest time
Of all the livelong day.

If I am the jolliest baby
Amid this shade and shine,
My mother is the dearest
mother,
If only 'cause she is mine.



MY BATH





THE OLD BOY.

OUR Jack, at twelve, is very free
 With his advice this season.
 We think long pants can but increase
 His judgment and his reason.

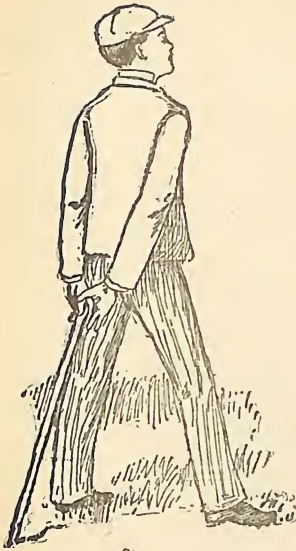


“You’d better get that
 horse of Jones,”
 Said Jack to me this
 morning ;
 “He’ll pull a bigger
 load than Mike —
 He’s just the build
 for farming.

“You’d better sell the
 brindle calf,

She won’t amount to shucks ;
 I told the butcher, he’ll be up ;
 He wanted mother’s ducks.





"It's going to rain ; I don't
believe
You'd better cut the grain.
'Twill come off clear some
time this week,
The moon is on the wane.

"I'll drive Ben down and get
him shod,
And take the eggs to mar-
ket.
Now, mother's cleaning house,
and you
May shake the parlor car-
pet."



JENNIE AND THE BEES.

CREAMING, crying, sobbing, Jennie ; with two
little fists in her eyes, standing among the
flowers in grandpa's meadow, back of the
orchard.

She had gone to grandpa's farm, and was
playing among the flowers. She wanted the
very one a busy bee was sipping honey from.
No other flower looked half so sweet, and no
other flower would do for Jennie. So she

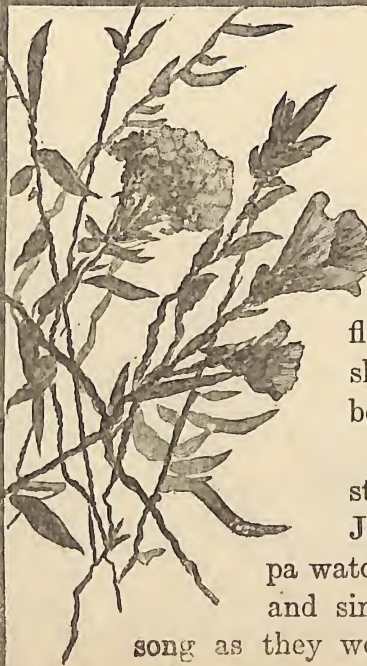
said, "Naughty bee, go away !"

"Naughty bee" did not go away. Jennie shook the flower, the
bee still sipping honey. Jennie grew cross and struck at the bee ;
the bee stung her. That was his way of striking back.

Jennie's screams brought her grandpa, who took her to the bee-
hives, the home of all the bees. He told her how they were making
honey for themselves and for her, and how he had put the hives in
the flowering meadow near the garden for them. The flowers grew



JENNIE AND THE BEES.



for them
as well as
for Jen-
nie. The
bees gath-
er the honey and
she gathers the
flowers. After a time
she would help the
bees eat the honey.

By this time the
sting was all gone and
Jennie and her grand-
pa watched the bees working
and singing their little bee
song as they worked.

Jennie never struck a bee again,

and a bee never struck her. She could play all day long in the garden and her grandpa heard no more screaming and crying.

TRUANTS

Two little Jap boys Yang & Si Yense
Had lived on this elegant jar,
They stood at an angle so very intense
You would think they had swallowed a bean
But at night when the folks were asleep
They stepped from the vase to the floor,
And played long at leap after leap
Till grey dawn crept in at the door.
When they sadly resumed a stiffness gro^{tesque}
For the jar had remarked 't' more play
And settled their coats 'a mode pictur^{esque}
Nor ventured to wink for that day.





Harold's Chicken Pie.



ING-A-LING! rang the telephone in mamma Day's pleasant sitting-room, as she sat there sewing one morning. Three-year-old Harold was busy with his blocks, building a train of cars.

"Yes, certainly; one, sharp; good-by!"

"Come, Harold, help mamma get something nice for dinner, as Uncle George is coming home with papa," said Mrs. Day as she hastily tidied the sitting-room.

Harold was delighted to be asked to "help," and trotted gayly into the kitchen, where he was soon standing in his little chair at the table close beside mamma.

"See kitty, mamma!" said he; "she's got a little furry efla in her mouth."

"Why, so she has!" replied mamma, as she fitted a tender, flaky crust over the chicken-pie and commenced to pinch it down.

Just then the door-bell rang and Mrs. Day hurried to answer it.

When she returned Harold was smoothing down the crust and patting it with his soft, little hands.

"Harold must not touch mamma's pie again," said mamma, trying to look severe.

"Mamma asked me to help, and I put pretty, little, furry chicken in the pie for dear Uncle George," said the little fellow.

Mamma smiled.

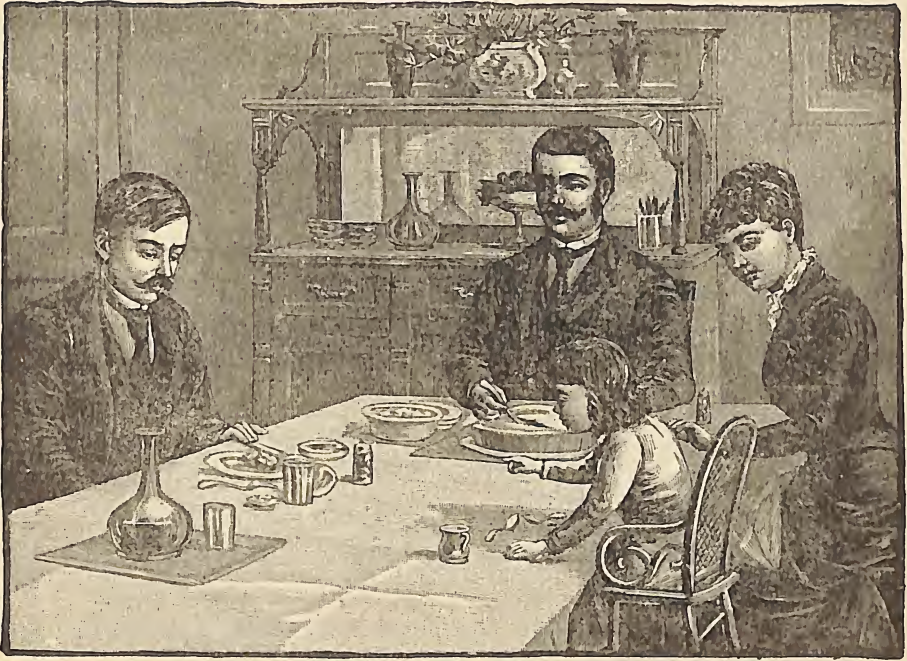
"Harold got a efla in the pie, anyhow," insisted the child.

Soon the pie was in the oven, browning beautifully. Harold's golden curls were brushed until they shone; his pretty, blue sailor suit put on, and everything was ready for the expected guest.



When they were seated at table papa Day flourished his knife and fork proudly before he cut into the pie.

"Marie is a first-class cook," said he. Mamma happened to glance at Uncle George's face, which was a comical mixture of fun and dismay. Upon his plate lay a tiny mouse, soaked with gravy.



When Harold caught sight of it he cried out joyfully, "That's the little efla I put in the pie for Uncle George!"

Papa and Uncle George fairly roared with laughter; but poor mamma was so mortified that she could scarcely keep back the tears.

They had to dine on cold ham while the dog and cat feasted on chicken-pie.

Harold is now more than ten years old, but he still dreads to meet Uncle George, for he always says to him, "Let me see, aren't you the young fellow who put a mouse in my chicken-pie?"



A LITTLE SWIMMER.

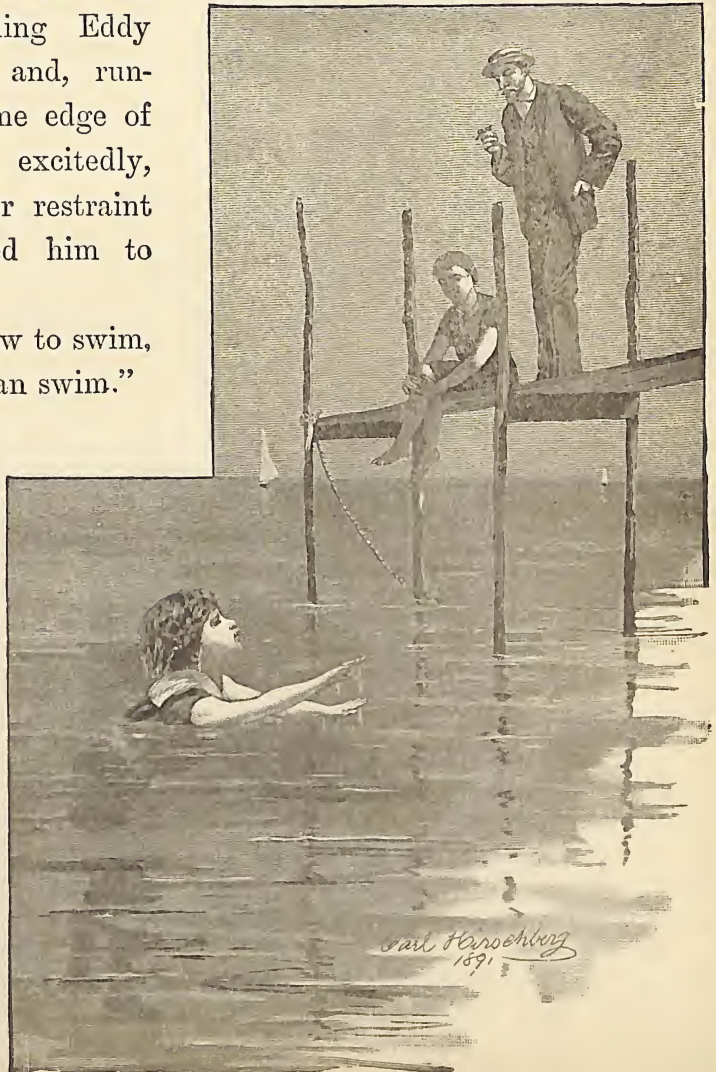
UNCLE HORACE was coming to spend a week at the seaside resort where Eddy was staying. When his boat was still a long way off Uncle Horace could make out Eddy's blue blouse and white sailor hat; and before it had touched the landing Eddy left his mother, and, running to the extreme edge of the pier, shouted excitedly, as though a longer restraint would have caused him to burst:—

“I've learned how to swim, Uncle Horace; I can swim.”

Everybody smiled, for Eddy was a small boy of six. Uncle Horace laughed.

“Can you?” he said. “I'll go and see you.”

It was high tide at one o'clock that day, and one o'clock found



Eddy, in his natty little bathing suit, wading out to the ropes among other bathers, while his nurse stood on the beach, and Uncle Horace, who preferred smoking to bathing for that day, watched him from the diving-pier close by.

"There! now look," said Eddy, and he ducked down and struck out bravely. "There, I'm swimming!"

But as the water was not up to his neck, what he was really doing was plain enough to Uncle Horace. He was paddling with his hands as he had seen the swimmers do, but he was standing securely on his small feet and hopping along, and by no means swimming.

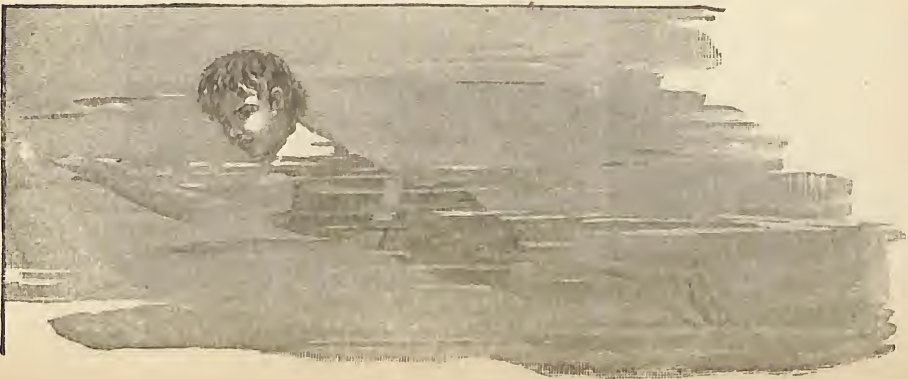
"Swimming, are you?" said a big boy who had just dived from the pier; and he laughed.

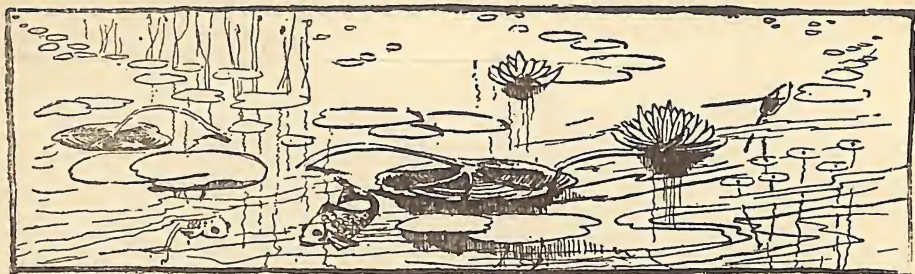
Eddy's triumphant little face fell; then it puckered. It was too grievous that his swimming should be made fun of before Uncle Horace, to whom he had been so anxious to show his feat.

"Don't cry," Uncle Horace called down; "I call that good."

"Why, no, don't cry," said the big boy. "See here, want to float?" And Eddy forgot his trouble in the novel fun of being floated.

But Uncle Horace, perceiving his small nephew to be a plucky little fellow who was anxious to swim, resolved that he should learn how. He went in bathing with him every day thereafter, and showed him what swimming was. He taught him how to use his feet as well as his hands. And at the end of the week his mother was surprised and delighted to see her wee boy truly swimming.





HOW GIANT DAN REASONED.

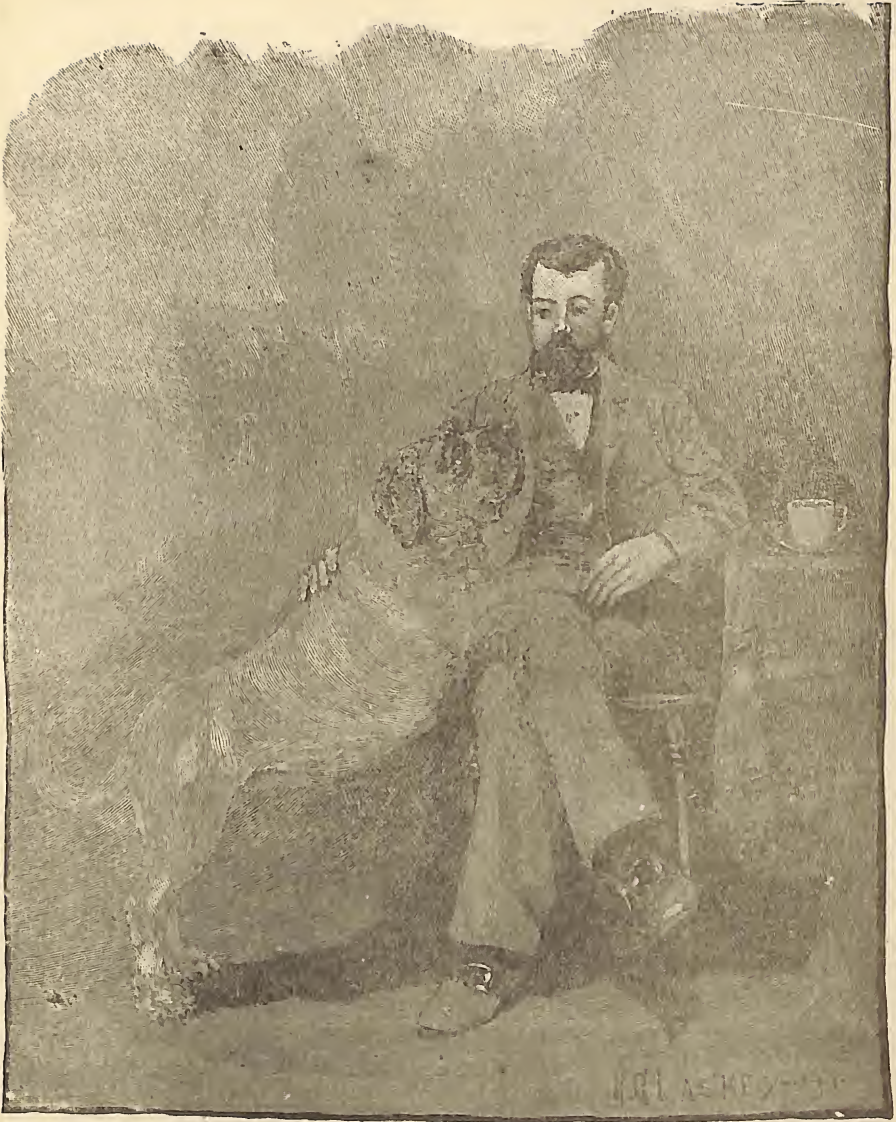
DAN is only a puppy, ten months old. Yet when he stands on his hind feet his fore feet will easily lie upon his master's shoulders. He is a giant dog, but just as full of frolic as any little dog. His antics are so clumsy that his mistress dares not have him get excited in the kitchen for fear that he will upset the oil-stove, or sweep the dishes all off the kitchen table with his great, flapping tail. He has gnawed the toes of his master's slippers to rags, playing with his feet in the morning when he comes down.

Dan is as obedient as a boy — more so than some boys. He has been taught not to go beyond the dining-room door, and there at the breakfast and dinner hour he will sit looking longingly in with eager eyes and big, drooping ears. Not even the most tempting tid-bit can induce him to disobey and step over the threshold. When told to beg for his breakfast he will lift up his deep, gruff voice in a grumbling, rumbling roar, till the silver and glass on the sideboard seem to echo, and we clap our hands over our ears.

Dan is quite a reasoner, too.

There is another pet in the family — a big, mottled-gray cat, Tom, by name. He is much older than the puppy, and highly resented his coming. Many a box on the head has poor Dan received from his savage claws.

One day, not long ago, Dan was in the deep enjoyment of gnawing a fine, savory bone in the kitchen. By some mischance it flew under



the chair where Tom was sitting making his morning toilet. Dan was greatly distressed at his loss, and from all sides tried to recover the bone ; but Tom met him with savage growls and spits at every turn.

It was of no use, and Dan sat down a little distance off, and



seemed to try to think out some way of rescue. At last he hit upon a plan, and with a great whirl and roar he raced around into the back hall, seeming to shout to Tom : —

"Here's an enemy! Take care of yourself!" for Tom was awfully afraid of strange men.

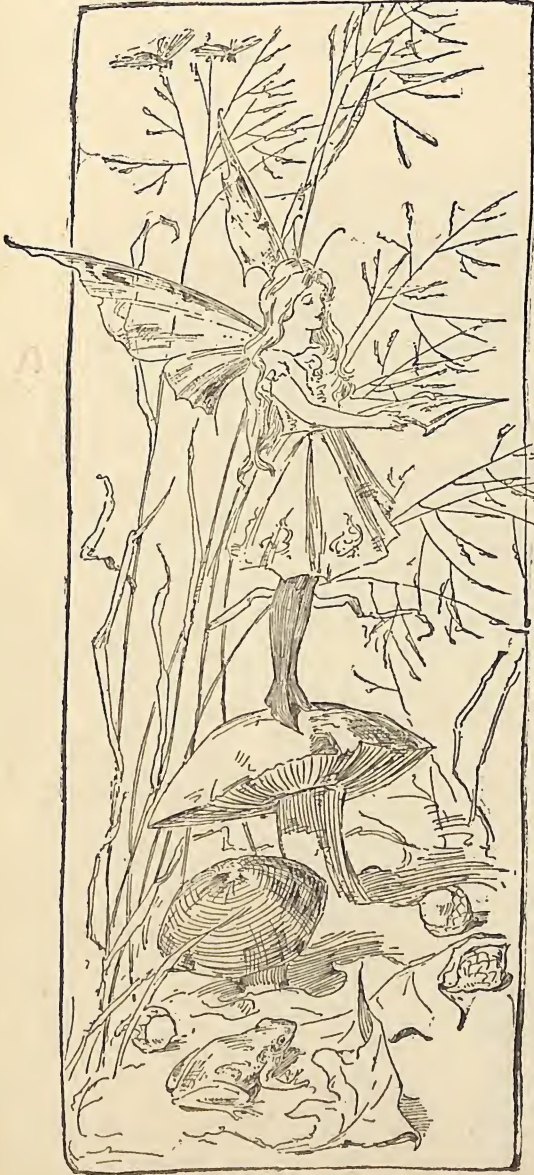


Completely taken in, Tom flew out of the chair in terror and hid himself on the stairs, where he could peer down slyly through the banisters. But Dan, cunning Dan, no sooner saw Tom disappear up the stairway than he scurried back. Seizing his precious bone, he raced out under the pear-tree to gnaw it in safety.



MARJORIE'S SINGING.

MARJORIE'S SINGING.



WHEN she is sleepy,
The little thing
Does her baby best
To sing.

The sound is between
A kitten's purr
And the little tree-frog's
Rainy chirr.

And yet half like
A bumble-bee
In the clover-top droning
Drowsily.

Rock her a little,
And she will keep
The music up
Till she's asleep.

THE LOST LASSIE.



A CHILD clad in a long, warm coat,
With a band of fur about the throat,
With a small white muff, and little bonnet,
All made of plush, with lace upon it,
Was skipping along so merry and gay,
When she suddenly found she'd lost her way.

A boy was coming down the street,
Shabbily dressed, but clean and neat.
As he trudged along and was passing by,
Spied the wee lassie ready to cry.
He glanced at the bonnet trimmed with lace,
Then shyly again at the tearful face.



"What's the matter?" he finally asked;
"Thought you looked tróubled as I passed."
The little girl tried to dispel her fears,
And brushed away the gathering tears,—
Then answered the boy in a timid tone,
"I'm 'fraid I can never find the way home."



The humble boy then asked her name,
Where she'd been, from what street she came,
And he walked with her to her happy home,
Then went whistling back through the streets alone.
But the little girl who was made so glad
Did not soon forget the poor little lad.
He received, the next day, a kind, dainty note,
With shoes, and mittens, and a nice new coat.



RUSSELL'S CHRISTMAS PRESENT



PUSSY'S CHRISTMAS PRESENT.

LITTLE Tom was delighted when he came downstairs on Christmas morning and saw the pile of presents on the chair under the stocking which hung from the mantle in the sitting-room.

The stocking was full, too, and it took Tom some time to empty it.

"Everybody in the house has given me a present, Pussy," he said to the old cat, curled up on the rug before the fire.

He showed Pussy all his things, and she seemed to take a great interest in them. But when Tom put her in his new cart to give her a ride, she jumped out and ran away.

"Let her go," said Tom; "she is the only one in the house who did not give me a present."

Later in the day, when Tom was playing with his building-blocks, Pussy came into the room with a little white kitten in her mouth.

She looked all around until she saw the cart. In it was a soft

A STOLEN GLIMPSE OF ST. NICHOLAS.

sealskin cap which Tom's Aunt Sarah had given him. Pussy walked slowly across the room and dropped the kitten in the cap.

How Tom shouted! He thought Pussy the most wonderful cat in the world.

“She has brought me a Christmas present,” he said. “Just see, mamma, what a pretty present.”

Mamma smiled, but said nothing, for she knew Pussy and her kitten had been driven from the cellar, and that Pussy had thought the cap a warm nest for her little white treasure.

But Tom always said the kitten was Pussy's Christmas present to him, and he gave it the best of care until it grew big enough to take care of itself.



A STOLEN GLIMPSE OF ST. NICHOLAS.



ROBBIE'S CHICKEN.

HARRY found it in the woods, one day last summer; a little yellow chicken, not quite out of its shell. How it came there Harry did not know, but he picked it up and carried it home to his little brother.

As soon as Robbie saw it he stretched out his hands towards it. From that time to this it has been his especial pet. He carries it about all day, and even wants to take it to bed with him at night.

but his mamma will not allow that. He pats it and kisses it, and calls it his "dear little birdie."

Whenever Robbie has a piece of bread or an apple, he tries to poke



some into his chicken's mouth ; but it never eats anything, not even a crumb.

Sometimes, when Robbie squeezes it too hard, chickie will give a little "peep." That is the only sound it ever makes, even when Robbie throws it on the floor to see it "jump."

One day, Robbie thought his chicken needed a bath, and he put it in the wash-bowl. His mamma quickly came to the rescue, and carefully wiped the little wet thing, until it was quite dry, and so no harm was done.

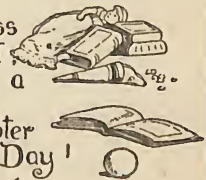
It is several months since Robbie's chicken became one of the family, and Robbie is as fond of it as ever.

As for chickie, it seems to like to stay, for not once has it ever tried to run away. It is just the same dear little chicken that Harry found in the woods. It has not grown a bit, and there is not the sign of a feather on its little round head. In fact, it is not yet quite out of its shell, for this little chicken is made only of rubber.



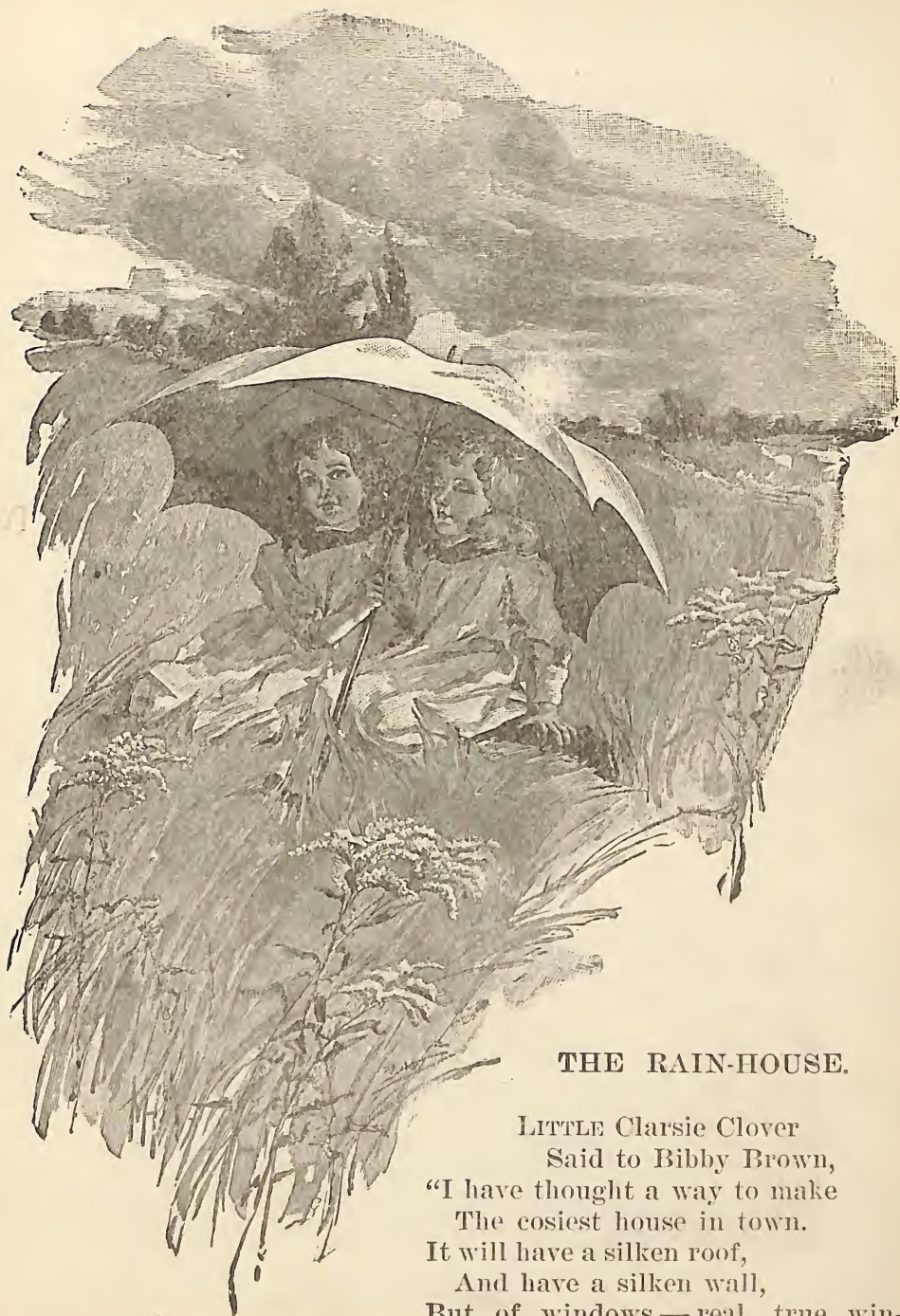
An Acrostic.

ays that are gloomy and short,
and nights that are starry and long;
verywhere winds that are loud,
But full of the sweetness of song,
Cilly the woods where the Yule-log
lies on the frozen earth,
Eager and joyous the shout, when
it blazes high on the hearth;
M any the secret wishes, the hopes
and the fears at night,
B right with a wonderful brightness
the dawn of the morning light,
E ven in cold and in darkness, a
Star with a heavenly ray,
R ight in the heart of the winter
a beautiful Christmas Day!





THE RAIN-HOUSE.



THE RAIN-HOUSE.

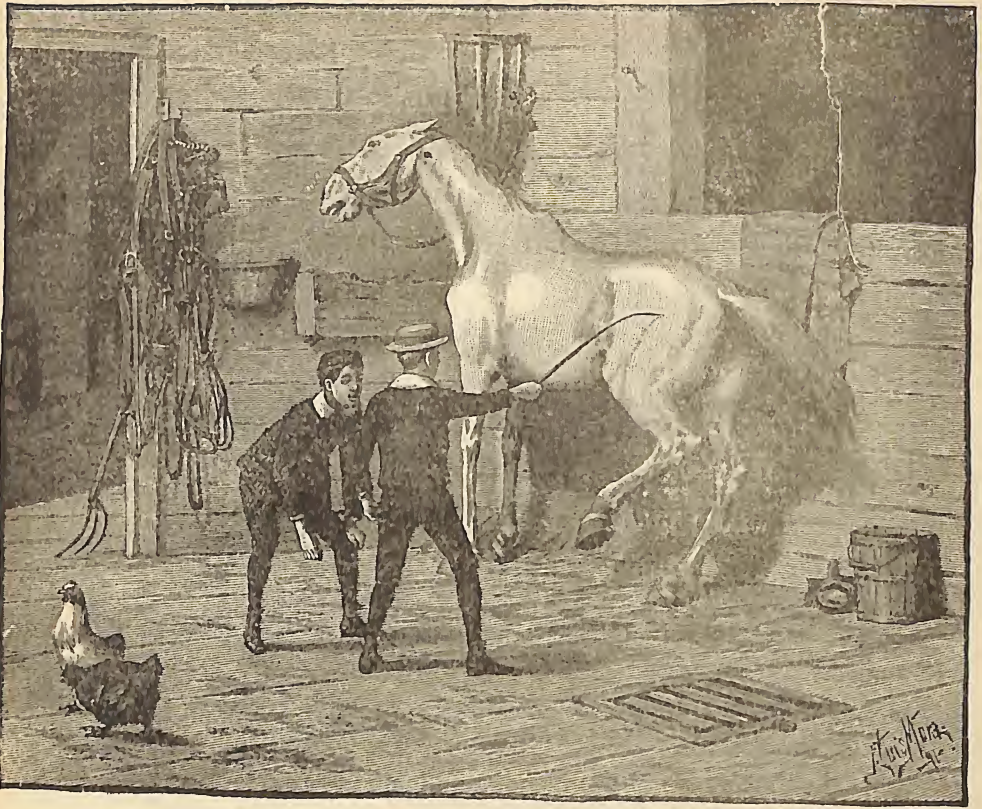
LITTLE Clarsie Clover
Said to Bibby Brown,
"I have thought a way to make
The cosiest house in town.
It will have a silken roof,
And have a silken wall,
But of windows — real, true win-
dows —
None at all.

“We can peep from under —
There’ll be no need of glass;”
So she stuck an old umbrella
Handle in the grass.
Faded, rather shabby was it —
Once it had been blue;
Clarsie crawled beneath, and Bibby
Crept in, too.

“Now let’s play ’tis raining,
Play the sky is dark,
Play there is a big tornado,
Play it thunders — hark!”
It did thunder; Bibby
Heard it very plain.
Clarsie cried, “We’re safe and cozy —
Let it rain!”

Came a gust — a shower
That wasn’t any play,
And right in the midst of it
Their house walked away.
Silken roof went flying,
Silken wall went too,
And there the little girls sat,
Both wet through.

House went whirling over,
Far across the grass.
“’Tis a lucky thing it hasn’t
Windows of glass!”
So laughed Clarsie Clover,
And, laughing, Bibby Brown
Cried, “I guess we are the wettest
Girls in town!”



A NEW TRICK.

THE Wilson family went to spend the summer at Mr. Powell's farm in the mountains.

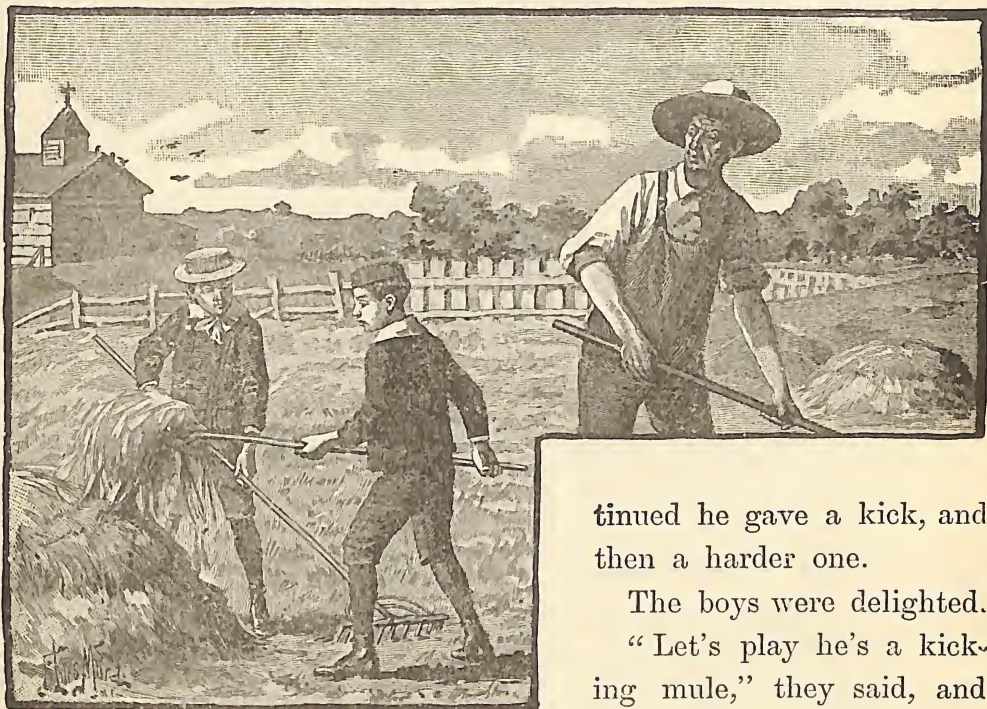
For a week Ralph and Hubert ransacked the barns and sheds and watched all the operations of farming, and then they wanted some new amusement.

They strolled into the barn, where old Billy was quietly munching in his stall. Billy was getting too old to be of much use, but his memory was good. When you held an apple before him and asked him if he wanted it he never failed to nod his head, though it was several years since a lady boarder had taught him the trick.

"Let's teach Billy some new tricks," said Ralph.

"He's too old," said Hubert.

"Let's stir him up a little," said Ralph. He stood at the side of Billy's stall and, reaching around, tickled his flank with a switch. At first the old horse paid no attention, but as the tickling con-



tinued he gave a kick, and then a harder one.

The boys were delighted.

"Let's play he's a kicking mule," they said, and Hubert took the switch.

To make the sober old animal behave so captiously seemed very funny, and they did it rather often thenceforth. After awhile they had only to go to the side of the stall when out would fly Billy's hind legs.

One day old Mr. Powell went to harness Billy into the buggy to drive to the village. As he touched his flank in entering the stall Billy kicked out violently, his hoof grazing Mr. Powell's leg just below the knee. When he was helped into the house it was thought that his leg was fractured, but it was only bruised. He could not walk for a week, and he found time to wonder greatly how gentle old Billy came to do such a trick.

Hubert and Ralph were two miserable boys.

"We've got to tell," said Hubert.

"Ought to be knocked ourselves," said Ralph.

They felt better when the load was off their minds; and though the hired man laughed, they worked faithfully trying to take Mr. Powell's place on the farm while he was laid up. And they were very glad when old Billy forgot his new accomplishment.



It was Joy's sixth birthday. With a fresh pink calico dress on, and a bright silver quarter in her hand, she started for the minister's house, for only he had Testaments to sell. To have one for her very own, and to read out of it all by herself, was Joy's "biggest wish."

It was a sandy road. Prickly burrs grew by the side of it, and one of them worked itself through her shoe and hurt her foot. Down sat Joy to pull it out, when the precious bit of money slipped through her fingers and hid itself in the sand. She looked for it again and again, but it could not be found.

"Dear, dear! What poor little girl is that, with a pretty pink dress on, crying so hard?" thought Mary Morris as she came near with a milk-pail on her arm.

Now Joy had felt sorry for Mary Morris ever since the day she first saw her. First, because she wasn't pretty—Joy loved pretty people. Next, because she always wore faded calico dresses and

green gingham sun-bonnets with pasteboard inside to make them stiff. Last of all, because she lived in a poor little house out by the marsh.

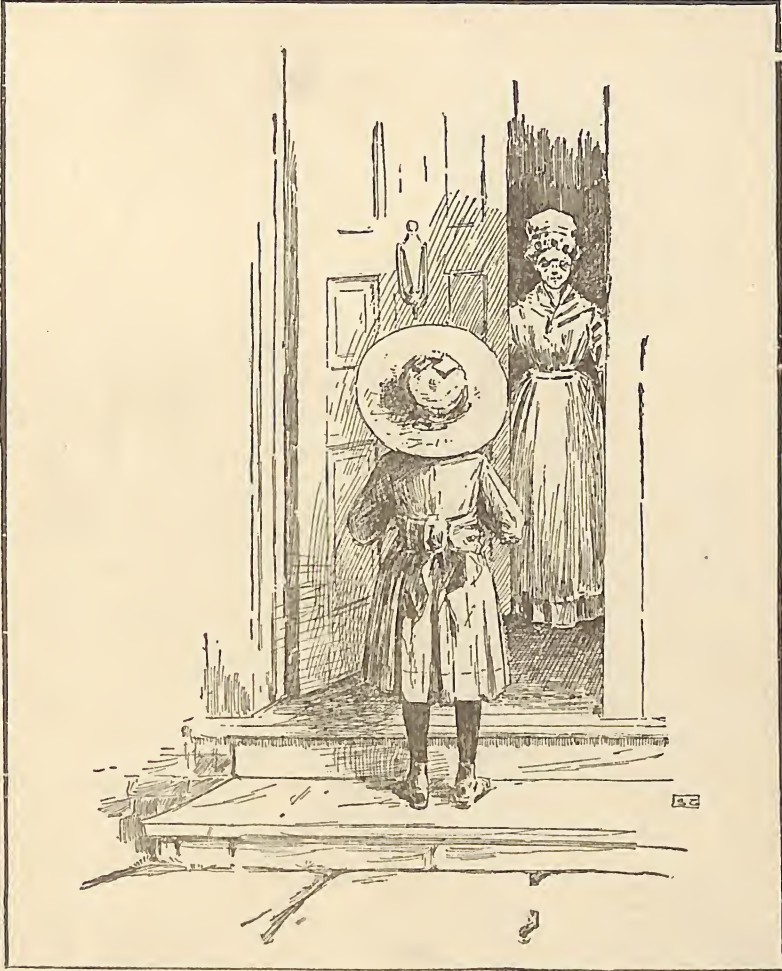
The faded calico and green bonnet bent over the fresh pink dress. "What you crying about, Joy? Oh, is that all? I know I can find it!"



How Mary sifted the sand through her long fingers, till the silver piece rolled from her hand to Joy's! She threw her arms around Mary's neck, and the pasteboard bent and broke under the warmth of her embrace.

"I'm going to like you always, Mary Morris, see if I don't! And I'll let you read out of my Testament every time you want to, see if I don't. I'm coming to see you, too—yes, indeed I am!"

There was a great brass knocker on the minister's door. Joy was afraid to touch it at first, but it "went off" almost before she knew it, and a little woman with a big ruffled cap on opened the door.



"No, the minister ain't to home, but she is. She's sick, though, and you ain't to make a mite of noise if I let you go in." There on the bed in a little room lay sweet-faced Mrs. May. She looked very happy, and beside her lay the cunningest little baby Joy had ever seen. She quite forgot the piece of money tied carefully by Mary in the corner of her handkerchief.

"Did your mother send you on an errand?" asked Mrs. May at last. Then Joy remembered, and was allowed to pick out the Testament she liked best — a red one.



JOHNNIE AND THE CHIPPEWAS.

JOHNNIE HALL lived only a few miles from the lands of the Chipewa Indians. They made regular visits to the white settlements, and at first Johnnie was afraid of them. When he saw how friendly they were he would go alone to their camp to buy berries, or the pretty beaded articles they made. He soon became a favorite with the red men, and they vied with one another in giving him trinkets and Indian treasures. Finally Wetumpka, an old Indian for whom he had taken an especial liking, outdid all the others. He made a beautiful little birch-bark canoe for Johnnie and taught him to use it. As Johnnie was sailing up and down the river near his home, he kept wondering what he could do for Wetumpka in return for his gift. He could think of nothing more useful for his friend than clothes, for he had often seen him poorly dressed. Back in the closet hung a nice suit of his papa's that was too small. He knew mamma was saving it to make over for him, but surely Wetumpka needed them more than he. After a short interview with mamma a little boy trudged up to the Indian camp and presented a bundle to Wetumpka, who sat shivering over the camp fire. The old Indian was very happy, for he had never owned anything so nice before.

One morning the next week Mr. Hall was going to town. He went into the closet to look for something, but came out with an anxious look on his face. "Mamma, where's that blue coat of mine?" he asked.

"Johnnie gave it to Wetumpka," she said.

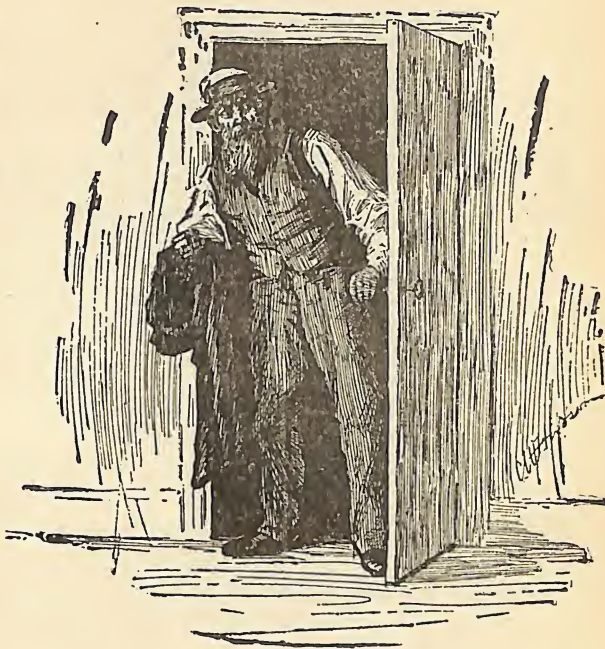


Then there was trouble. Mr. Hall had placed a hundred-dollar bank-note in the coat-pocket for safe keeping, and none of the family knew of it. The Indians had broken camp and gone to their homes near the pine lands, forty miles away.

Mr. Hall went there as fast as he could ride, only to find that Wetumpka had gone for a long hunt, taking the coat with him. Mr. Hall felt very sad, for one hundred dollars was a heavy loss for him. Poor Johnnie cried and cried, and wondered why his well-meant kindness had resulted so unfortunately.

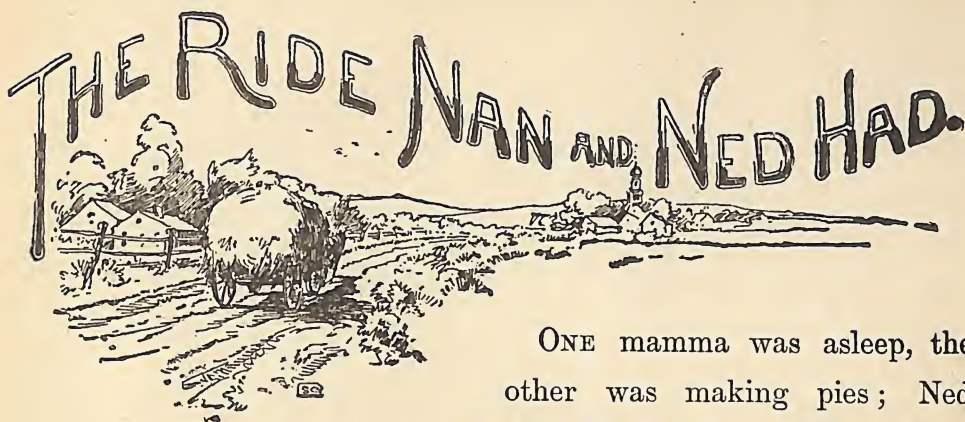
Nearly a month afterward there was a rap at the door one cold,

stormy night. Mr. Hall opened the door and there stood Wetumpka holding his pony with one hand, while with the other he eagerly pressed something into Mr. Hall's hand. It proved to be the lost note. He had found it carefully folded away in an inside pocket, and had ridden all day in the storm to return it.



A Knitter.

There was an old lady who rose with the light,
And always was knittins from mornins till night,
One day from her window a flas she unfurled,
And said "I've knit stockings for all of the world."



ONE mamma was asleep, the other was making pies; Ned and Nan took care of themselves that day. The barn-door stood wide open, a great load of hay in front, just under the big upper window, wide open also.

Up the stairs climbed the children. One jump from the window and they were safe on the sweet-smelling load of hay.

“Duck your head, Nan, so Joe won’t see us, and we’ll have a ride!”

So the hay was pulled over the white sunbonnet and the red straw hat. Joe started the horse, never dreaming what a precious load he had behind him.

How they laughed under the hay, there! How the branches scratched their heads! How sweet the smell of the hay! How — but that was all, for Ned and Nan were fast asleep long before Joe drove his horse on the hay-scales at Farmer Jones’.

“Seems to me this load weighs about fifty pounds more than the last. Any weights hid under the seat, Joe?”

“Father,” called a sweet voice from a window upstairs, “if you buy all that goes with that load it will be the best bargain you ever made! Come up here and see!”

Farmer Jones climbed the railing of the piazza and in a moment more looked down. The white sunbonnet and red straw hat were

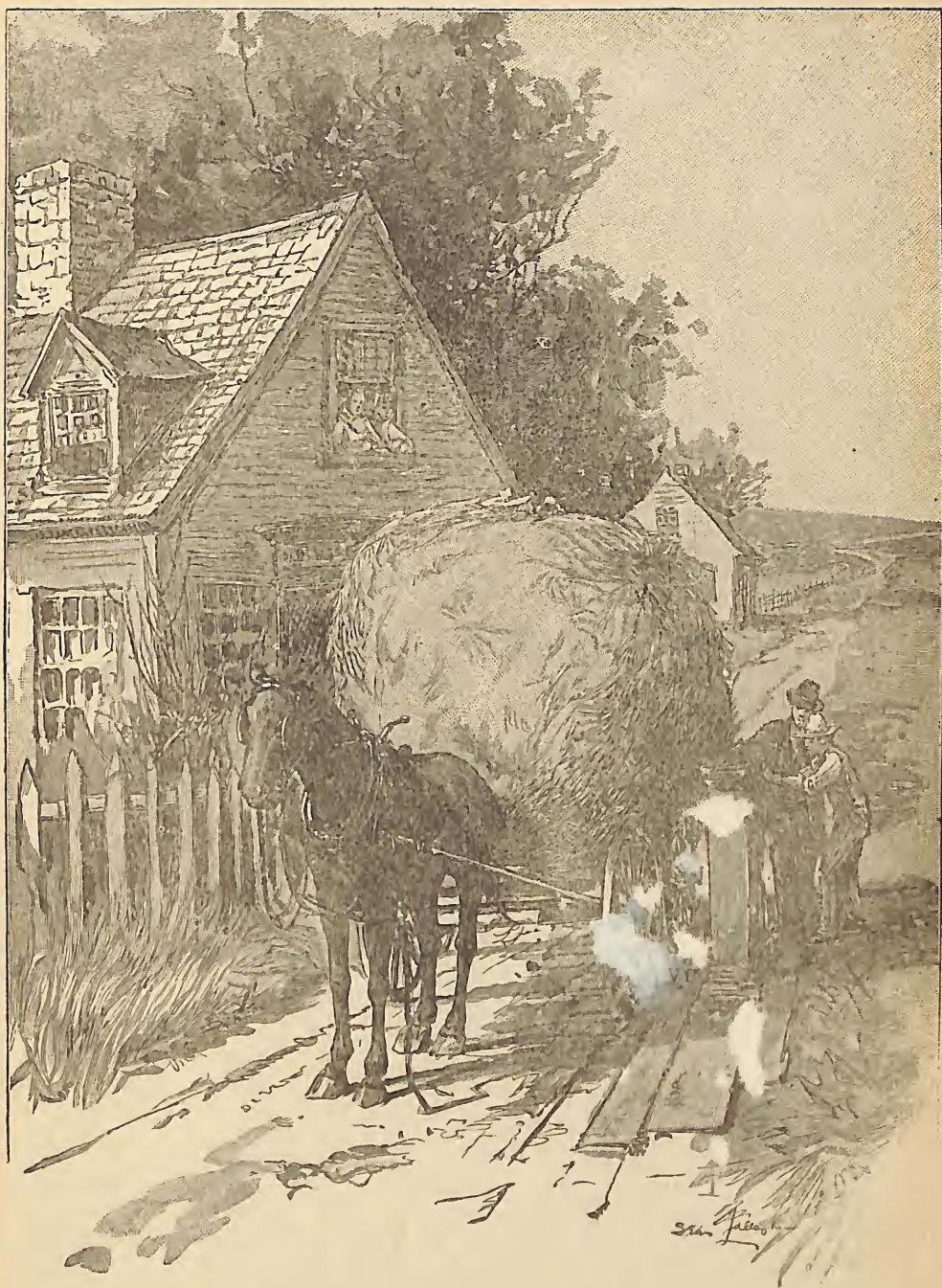


beginning to move. The children under them sat up, rubbed their eyes and looked, oh, how they looked! Fifty pounds more hay!

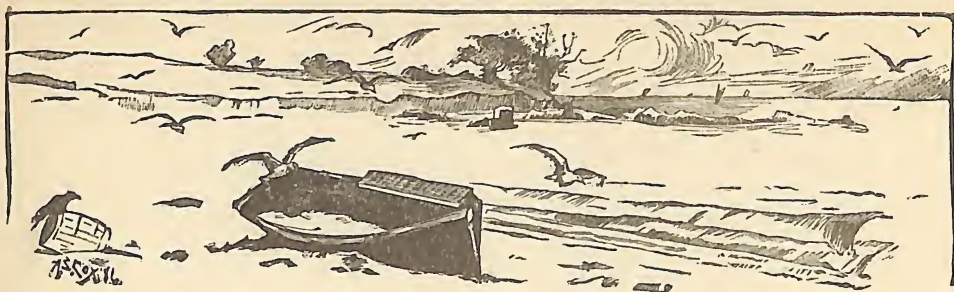
A few moments later they were eating a lunch of doughnuts and milk in Jenny Jones' own room. Half an hour later they were driving home with Joe in the empty hay-wagon.

But what do you think their mammas said?



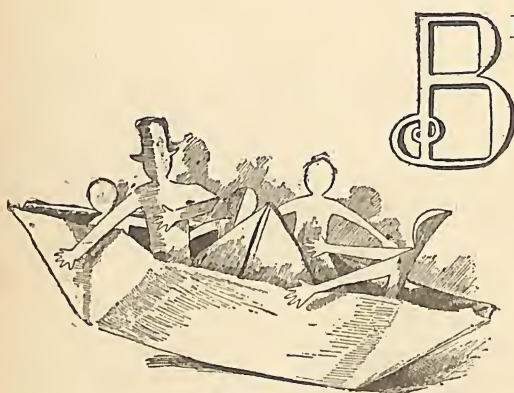


THE RIDE NAN AND NED HAD.



PET IN THE COUNTRY.—X.

SAILING THE BOAT.



BE careful, Pet," called grandma, from the bank. She was afraid Pet might slip and fall.

"Ugh! the stones hurt my feet," said Pet, standing still.

"You had better come back," said grandma; but Pet was so near the stranded boat, and Mr. Paper looked so sad sitting up to his waist in water, that she thought she

must try to help him. She had reached the stone and picked up the boat. She was starting back when her eye caught something shining on top of the rock.

"O grandma!" she cried; "here is a beautiful little turtle. I wish I could get him."

"I don't believe you can, dear," said grandma. "They are hard to catch."

"Oh, he is so sweet," Pet said, leaning forward, to get a better look at his little, bright eyes.

But the turtle did not like to have little girls look at him, and before Pet could wink he had jumped off the rock. He startled Pet so that she dropped the boat, paper dolls, and all. The last she saw of Mr. Paper he was turning round in an eddy of the stream, with his legs in the air.

Pet waded back to the bank, where she found the smallest paper doll of the family caught in some grasses, and laid her down beside her mamma to dry.



"There are only these two left," she said, after she had put on her shoes and stockings, and was sitting beside grandma dividing her cookies with sugar.

"Only two cookies left out of the dozen," cried grandma. "My dear, you can't have eaten ten!"

"No, no," exclaimed Pet, laughing, — "only two paper dolls." Just then some one called up in the woods: —

"Pet! Pet!"

"Why, who is that?" cried Pet, jumping up, while Sugar began to bark furiously.

"Pet!" called the voice again; and presently grandpa stepped through the bushes and came down the path to the creek.

"But that was not you who called me, grandpa," said Pet. Grandma was laughing.

"Didn't it sound like me?" asked grandpa, with a smile.

"No," said Pet; "it sounded like — like —"

"Who?" said grandpa.

And then some one came running out of the bushes. Pet cried "Frankie!" and the little boy and girl had their arms round each other's necks.

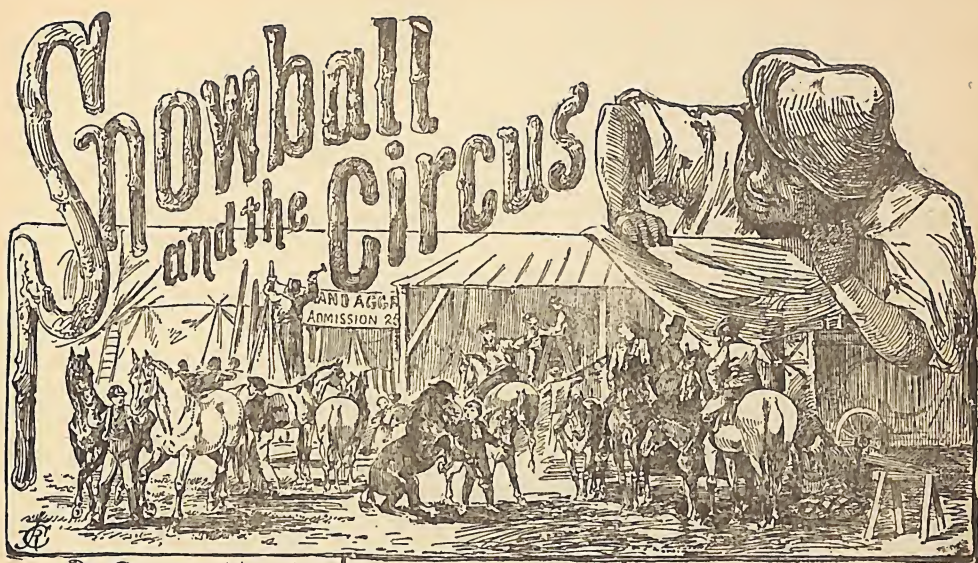
"I am going to stay with you until you go home," Frankie said, when he got his breath.

But Pet was too happy to say anything. She could only jump up and down and clap her hands.



The Fireflies.

WE watched the fireflies flashing
Through the dusk and dewy air,
Like a gleam of wandering lanterns
Here and there.



ABE was a little black boy. His whole name was Abraham Lincoln Blackstone. The boys in the village called him "Snowball," which made little Abe roll his big eyes and show his teeth in a delightfully alarming manner.

Early one morning a cloud of dust could be seen at the end of the little town. The boys shouted as they ran, "The circus has come!" and little Abe ran with them.

He followed the splendid procession up and down through the dusty streets.

The glittering wagons and spangles and banners fairly made his eyes ache. The band played; the horses

with their waving plumes stepped gayly along; the clowns cut up the funniest capers; elephants and camels — all were there. Was there ever such a beautiful circus before!

At last they halted at a large common. The great white tents were unfurled and spread. All the animals were fed and the horses carefully groomed. Little Abe carried water — two buckets at a time. All these beautiful horses must drink, and he was helping. This was happiness enough. But when everything was done and the showman handed him a ticket for the afternoon performance he stared at it as if it couldn't be real, and just managed to stammer out:—

“Thank yo', sah.”

As he ran homeward with his prize he saw a group of boys with a kitten. The poor creature was mewing piteously in the hands of her tormentors.

“What yo' gwine ter do wid dat cat?” demanded Abe, stopping short.

“Roast her,” replied one of the boys, amidst a shout of derisive laughter from the others.

“Give 'er to me,” said Abe, advancing sternly.

“Whew! I guess not, Snowball,” retorted the boy.

“Yo' 's not gwine ter burn 'er, is yo'?” insisted Abe, anxiously.

“Yes, we are,” spoke up another boy, angrily, “and you'd better be walking along toward home.”

“I'll give yo' dis fo' her,” said Abe, advancing and holding out his precious circus ticket.



The boys consulted. One ticket would not take them all into the circus, but they could sell it and buy many good things with the money.

"Take her!" cried one of them finally, snatching the ticket and throwing the kitten at Abe's feet.

He picked her up gently and walked away. Two great tears fell on Kitty's soft fur.

"Dat was gwine ter be a fust-class circus," he said, "but I'se mighty glad I happened 'long in time to save dis po' ting."



AT THE BREAKFAST-TABLE.

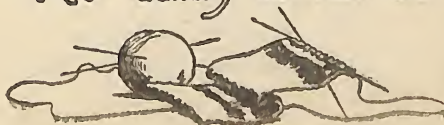


What shall we bring for Grandmama?
Her favorite cup of tea.

Of old Oolong
Both hot and strong
As nice as it can be.

∴ be ∴

As dainty as can be.



What shall we bring for dear Mamma?



A cup of coffee sweet.

Sugar and cream

And fragrant steam,

A luxury complete:

: plate :

A generous cup complete.



What shall we bring for Sister Sue?

Hot chocolate rich and brown:

White foam to swim

About the brim,

The pretty cup to crown.

:: crown ::

The dainty cup to crown.



What shall we bring for Puss and me?

A mug both wide and tall

Of fresh sweet milk,

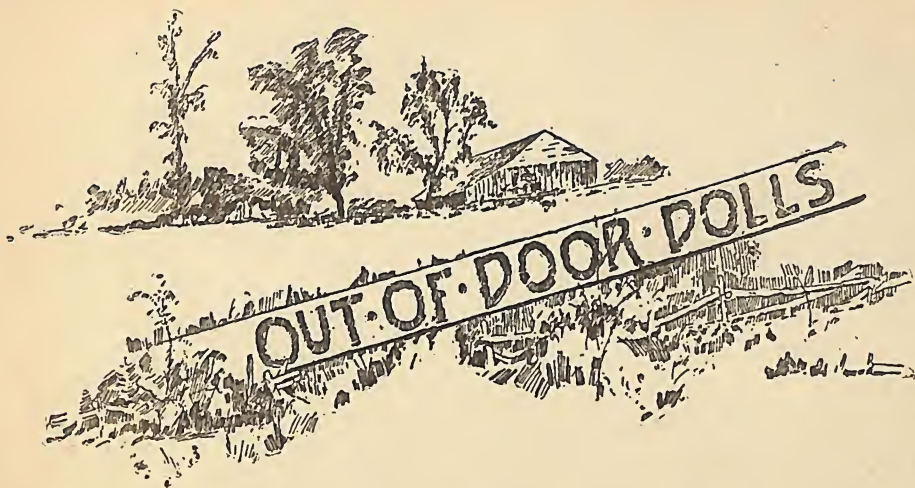
Of warm new milk,

The nicest thing of all.

:: all ::

The very best of all!





“HURRY along, girls, or you’ll miss the train, and then you won’t get to grandmother’s to-day,” shouted Uncle John, as he drove to the door in the express-wagon.

The girls, Rachel, Hester, and Alice, snatched up their boxes and bags and jumped into the wagon as quickly as possible. Then Uncle John started, and they whirled away, waving their hands and throwing good-by kisses to their mother and little brothers, who stood at the gate. Just as they arrived at the station Hester exclaimed, “Oh, we have forgotten our dolls!”

“Then you’ll have to get along without them; we can’t go back,” said Uncle John.

“Isn’t it too bad,” said Alice, with starting tears.

“Don’t make a fuss about that,” said Uncle John. “You’ll play out-of-doors every day, and I don’t believe you’ll want any dolls while you’re gone.”

“Oh, yes, we shall; but ’tis no use to cry,” said Rachel, with mournful courage.

Uncle John bought their tickets for a ten-mile ride into the country, and left them in charge of a friend who was going that way.

As soon as they reached their grandmother’s they told her about the forgotten dolls, and she was very sorry for their disappointment.

"Uncle John thought we shouldn't need them, but men don't understand such things, do they?" said Hester.

"Never mind," said grandma; "you can have something else instead. Wouldn't squash babies do? I used to enjoy playing with them when I was a little girl."



"What are they, grandma? Just show us some, and perhaps we shall like them too," said Hester.

So grandma brought a number of crook-necked squashes from the garden, and tied aprons around them for dresses. She put white bonnets on their heads, and the girls were quite delighted with their appearance.

"Why, they are lovely, grandma!" said Alice.

"They are so fat and heavy," said Rachel.

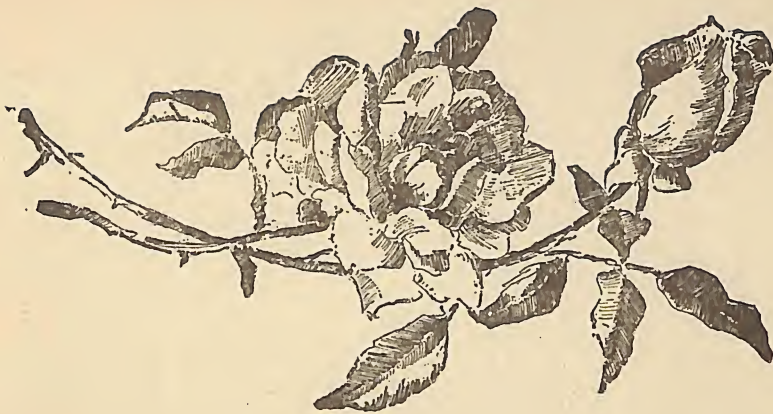


“And they won’t come to any harm if they should get a fall or be left on the wet ground,” said Hester.

Every day during their week’s visit they played at housekeeping under the trees and on the rocks, and every night they told their grandmother how happy they were with their out-of-door dolls.



SLUMBER LAND.
110



SLUMBER LAND.

ROCK away, rock away, down in your pillows,
Swift flows the river so still and so deep;
Sail away, sail away, over the billows,
Bound for the beautiful haven of sleep.

Drift away, drift away, 'mong the green islands,
Lower the sail and away with the oar;
Sing away, sing away, birds in the highlands,
Answer the waves on the coral-strewn shore.

Dream away, dream away, dear little rover,
Fearless explorer, by land and by sea;
Float away, float away, all the world over,
Bring back some gems of the ocean to me.

List away, list away, fairies are singing,
Light are their feet as they trip o'er the sand.
Far away, far away, echoes are ringing,
Borne on the breeze of this mystical land.

Haste away, haste away, gathering flowers,
Blooming at will in this wonderful clime;
Rest away, rest away, through the bright hours,
Knowing no sorrow, and heedless of time.

Sleep away, sleep away; visions the rarest
Visit my babe in their mystic array.
Roam away, roam away; flowers the fairest
Beckon my darling to linger and stray.

Hark away! hark away! seamews are calling,
Seeking their loved ones by inlet and cave.
Look away, look away, shadows are falling,
Folding their wings over woodland and wave.



HOW BABY LEARNED TO WALK.

BABY FAY was eighteen months old. She did not walk or even stand alone. She seemed to think her little pink feet were two pretty playthings. She cooed over them and patted her cunning blue boots. She did not even try to use them.

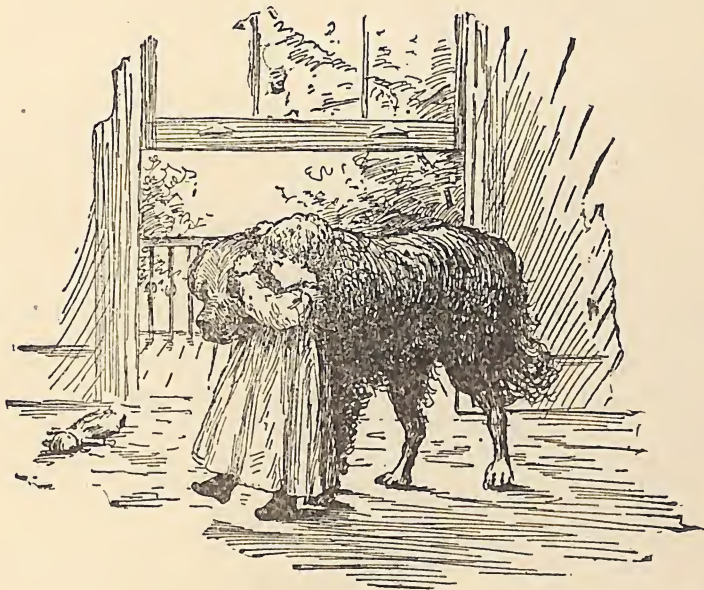
"I am afraid her feet are too small," sighed grandma.

"Will she be a cripple, mamma?" asked sister Lou, sadly.

"Oh, no; she will walk when her limbs are strong enough," answered mamma, hopefully.

Old Rover, the house dog, came into the nursery.

He walked up to baby Fay, and looked into her face with his big



brown eyes. He seemed to say, "It is too bad this dear baby cannot walk. I will try to teach her."

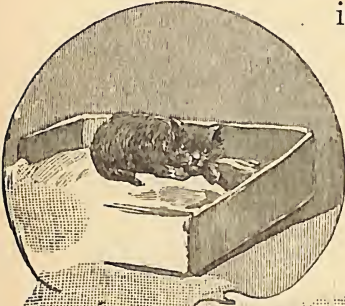
He touched her soft cheek with his cold nose. Baby crowed and clutched his long hair with her fat fingers. She pulled herself up on to both tiny feet. How proud and pleased she was!

Then Rover gently took a step forward. Baby stepped too, clasping his neck with both little arms. Rover now took four steps, and baby toddled along beside him. Then Rover thought the baby must be tired. He laid down slowly so that she should not fall. After this Rover gave baby a walking-lesson every morning.

She soon learned to walk alone. Do you not think Rover was a kind, thoughtful dog?

MAMMA'S VALENTINE.

THREE little heads together, Annie, George, and Tom. They surely are plotting mischief? No, they are making a valentine for mamma. They used to send her little paper ones they made themselves with silver lace and gold hearts. This year they are planning something much nicer, something that mamma has often wished. First, a lovely satin cushion, pink, of course, laid in a large cardboard box.



Five large holes are cut in the centre of the cover, and these holes are trimmed with colored paper to look like a five-pointed star.

"Now," said Tom, "we must have a verse; all valentines have verses. Annie, will you make one up?"

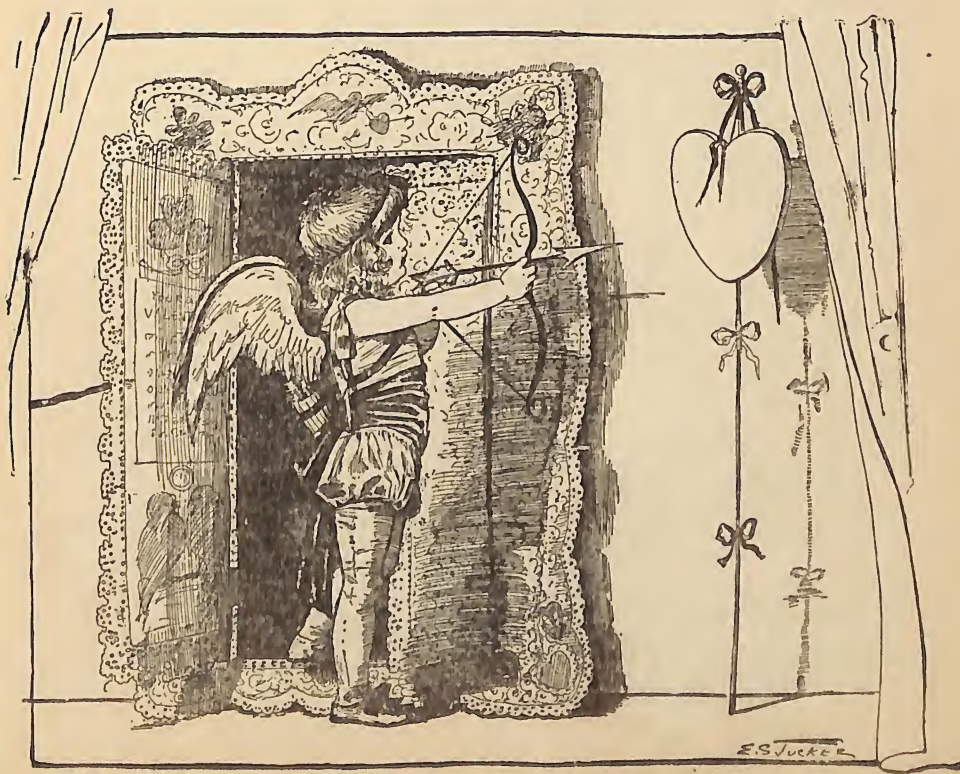
"Yes," said Annie, "but it will take a good while. I will get it ready by to-morrow, when we will put the valentine in the box."

That afternoon some of the older girls helped Annie in the making of her verse, which she copied neatly on a card and tacked it on the top of the box. This is the verse :

You often wished, O lady fair,
For something very choice and rare.
We've hunted for it everywhere,
And send it to you with great care.

VALENTINE.

Mamma read the verse, opened the box, and there on the pretty pink cushion lay the sweetest and softest little Maltese kitten.





MRS. CRIMSON'S AFTERNOON TEA.

It was all ready. The table, a smooth, white toadstool, was spread with a tempting feast. A sliced strawberry represented ice-cream and ices, the plates were rose-petals, and the goblets honeysuckle-blossoms with a drop of honey in each.

The guests were — Dorothy's dolls? — No, indeed! Hollyhock ladies in silky robes of crimson, rose, pale pink, yellow, and white, with soft green shoulder-capes. Their heads were green grapes upon which features were marked with a pin.

Dorothy had worked hard to get everything ready, and was tired. Leaning against the old apple-tree root, she closed her eyes for a moment. Suddenly, however, she opened them in surprise, for Mrs. Crimson was saying: —

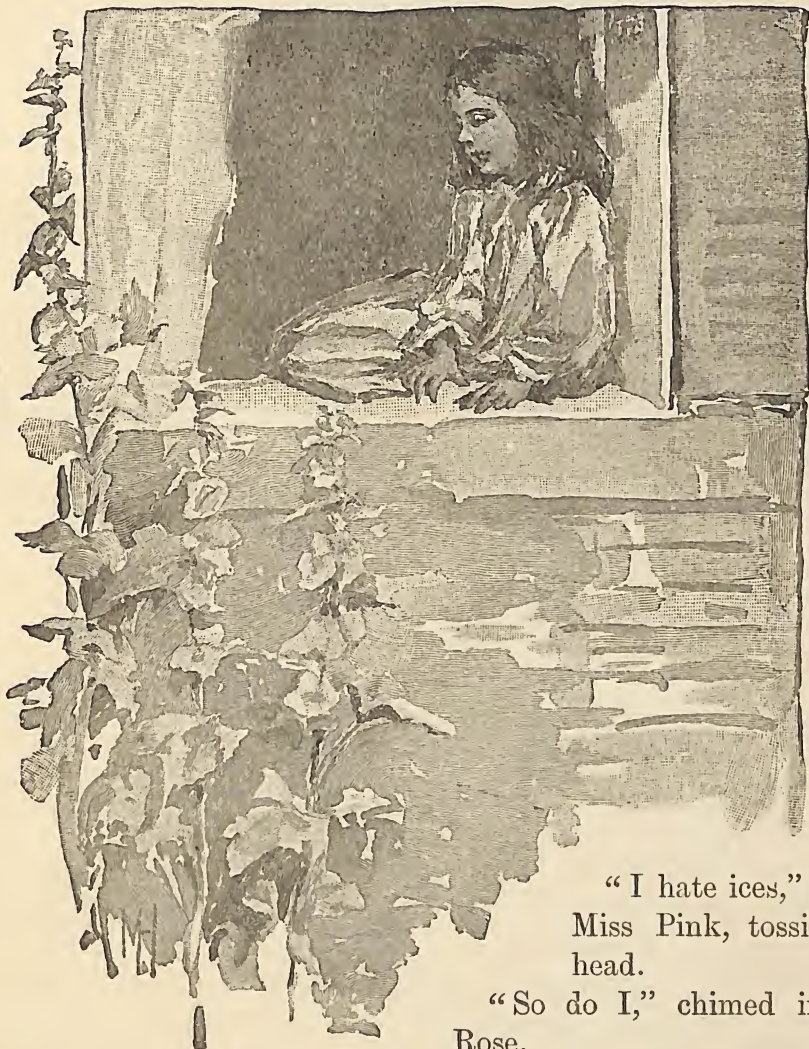
"Madame Blanche, do take some of this delicious strawberry cream."

"No," drawled Madame Blanche, peevishly; "you know I don't like strawberry cream! Why didn't you have vanilla?"

Dorothy's face became almost as red as Mrs. Crimson's dress,

for she recognized the very words she had used that day at dessert. Mrs. Crimson went on:—

“Miss Pink, Miss Rose, won’t you have some ices?”



“I hate ices,” replied Miss Pink, tossing her head.

“So do I,” chimed in Miss Rose.

“Oh!” exclaimed Dorothy, “you’re spoiling the party. What makes you behave so?”

“You taught us!” they all cried; “our stalks are just outside the dining-room window, and we hear you complaining at every meal.”

"But I don't do so at parties," said poor Dorothy, half crying.

"It's just as bad to do it at home," returned Madame Blanche, severely. "Besides," cried Miss Pink, in a shrill voice, "you can't expect people with green-grape heads to have pleasant dispositions!"

At this all the hollyhocks pulled off their heads and began pelting Dorothy with them.

"Dorothy, Dorothy," called some one. Dorothy gave a start and looked about her. There were the hollyhock ladies, their heads all in place, each wearing the same fixed smile she had scratched upon it with a pin.

"Dorothy, come to supper," called mamma.

As Dorothy took her seat, papa said, "Here's some nice hot toast. Pass your plate, Dorothy."

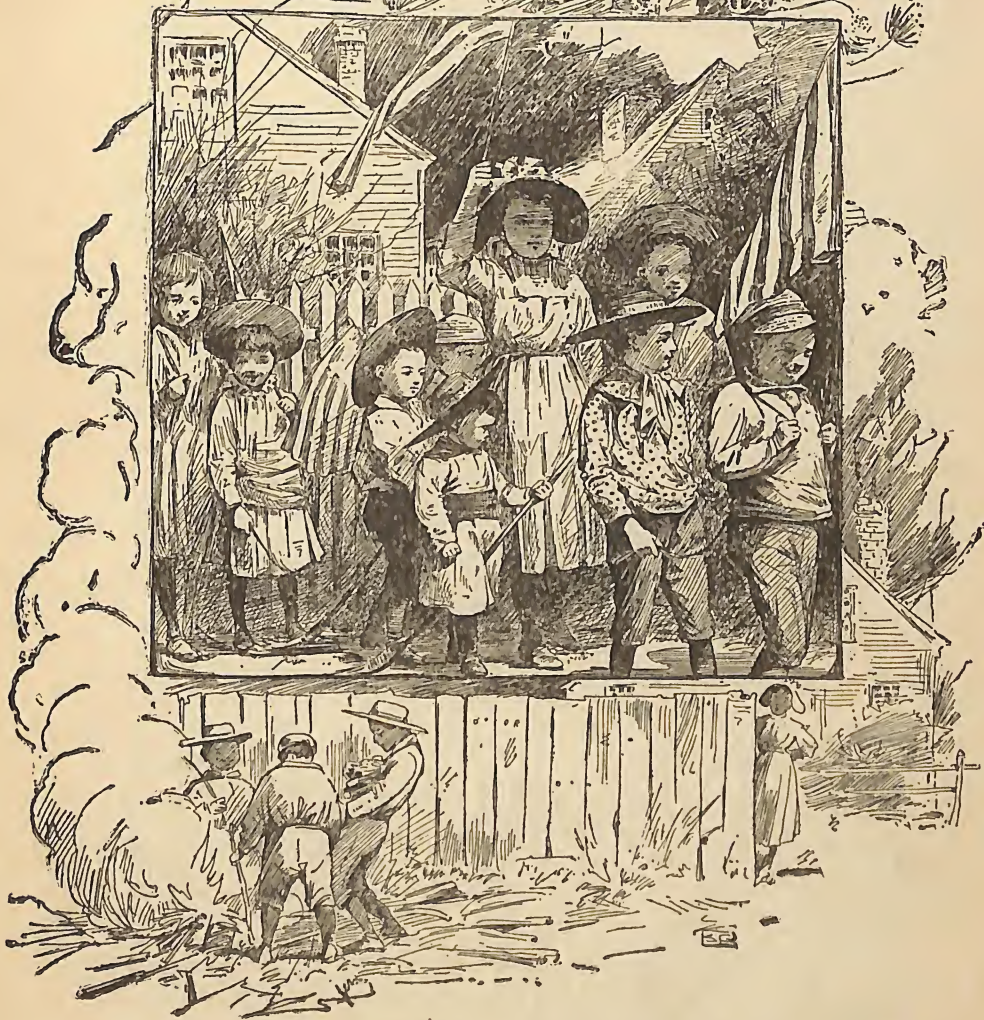
She began to say, "I hate toast, I wanted muffins for supper," but she thought of Madame Blanche, and, shutting her lips firmly, passed her plate in silence. She ate her supper without a complaint, and, looking towards the window, fancied the tall hollyhocks outside were nodding kindly at her.

After supper she told mamma about it. "I'm never going to forget it," she said, earnestly.

"I hope you never will," replied mamma with a kiss.



Joe's Birthday



It was Joe's birthday. I hadn't many pennies to buy presents with, so I just made up my mind I'd get up a "percession" for him, and a percession worth seeing, too. There must be cavalry and infantry and artillery.

It was a good deal harder to make the boys and girls do my way instead of their own ; but I'm biggest, you know. Besides, I had a pocketful of peanuts, and that helped some. Joe promised all who would mind a piece of his birthday-cake.

So we started, cavalry ahead ; Billy Brown was the horse, — a real war-horse, you know. He was so old and honorable he had to be led or driven, and Jack Jones could do that.

Joe and half a dozen other boys on sticks, were cavalry. I'm the girl with the flag, the biggest one, and Mamie Brown carried the other.

Josie Jones had her baby out for an airing, and couldn't march without it ; so she was infantry and artillery both, for she had a cork-pistol and plenty of torpedoes.

We marched twice around the square, and twice down to Uncle Billy's store, for he almost always treats us when we come. He did this time, too, — candy and a bubble-pipe all around. Then he said, "Don't come again to-day ;" but I did, though !

By and by the "percession" broke up. Josie went home. So did I, for I had two whole towels to hem. The boys played all alone out behind the house.

I couldn't see what they were doing. I knew they were having a lovely time, there was such a big pile of boards and boxes and straw out there to play with.

By and by I heard a great shout, and a great many shouts. Mother was sitting right by me, so I didn't dare go out to see the fun. After the noise had kept up quite a while she said, "I guess you'd better see what the boys are about. I think I smell smoke."

Smell smoke ? I should think so, for the air was blue with it ! The flames were bursting out from under the boxes and barrels the boys had piled up in the alley.

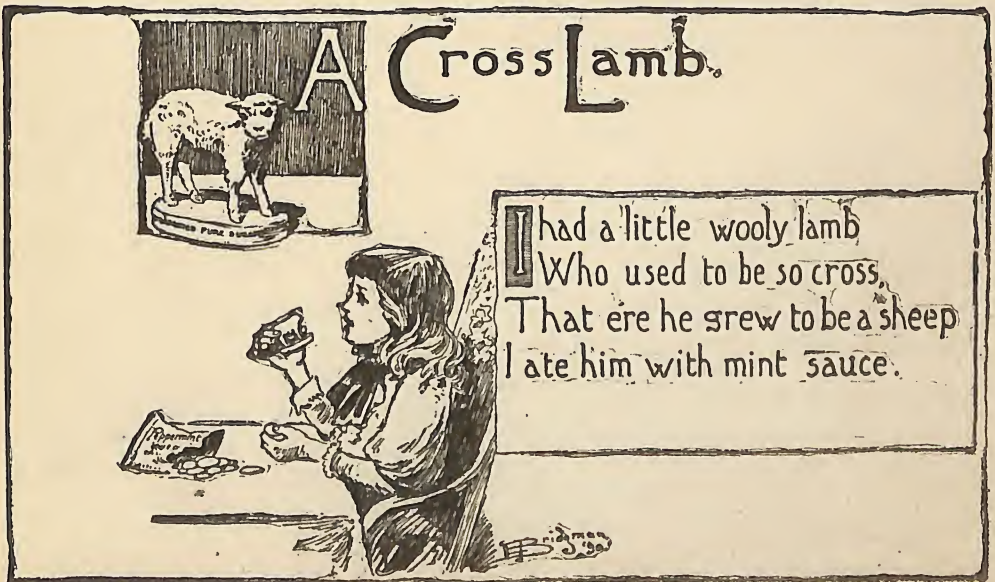
The fence was on fire, and little fiery tongues were running along

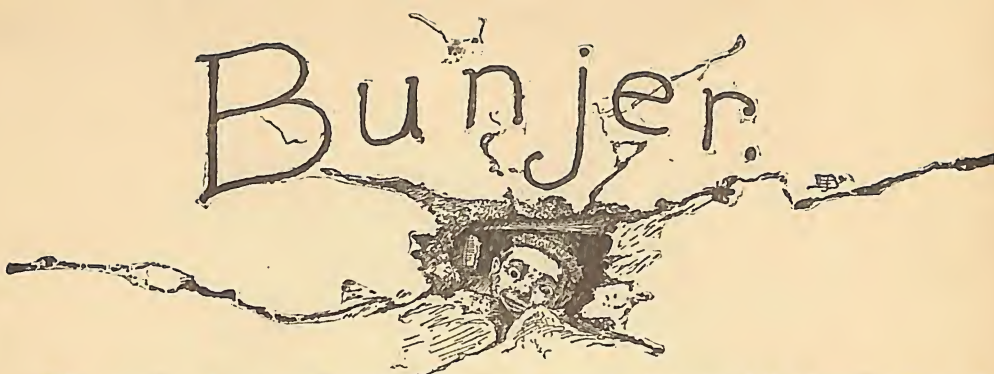
the ground, licking up the loose straw. There were plenty of boards and boxes all around that would soon catch.

I screamed and ran, first, to Uncle Billy's store, then for a policeman, or any other man I could find. I found a good many, and they all came, every one. By the time I got home the engine was there.

It looked like an awfully big fire when I started, but the firemen made such short work in putting it out, that I felt a little ashamed I'd called them at all. The minister patted my head and said, "You saved a big fire by putting out a little one." He pointed to a great, great pile of old houses near. "If the fire had reached them, half the town would have been burned."

Joe thought it was a jolly fire, though, and wanted to start another; but after a whole hour in the dark closet, he didn't think so any longer.





No matter how hard Mamie was crying, she would always stop if she heard Bunjer's voice. It was a funny, squeaky voice, but to Mamie it was delightful. She had never seen Bunjer, but she was very fond of him, almost fonder than she was of Santa Claus. Santa Claus came only once a year, while Bunjer came almost any time. He did not climb down the chimney, but he seemed to make his home in the wall.

Sometimes Uncle Ed came in from college singing —

“Poor old Robinson Crusoe !
Poor old Robinson Crusoe !
They made him a coat
Of an old nanny-goat ;
I wonder how they could do so.”

If he found Mamie with her fists screwed into her eyes, and a noise coming out of her mouth which was not at all like singing, or, at any rate, like good singing, Uncle Ed would be likely to say : —

“Hey diddle, diddle, don't you want to be ‘some punkins’ ? Well, you never will be if you don't bite this chin-music right off short ;” or “Whew ! what's all this kickapoo-rinkum about ? When I was a little girl I never cried.”

Mamie perhaps took one fist out of an eye to look at him ; but it soon went in again, and the noise kept right on, for, though she was a dear, sweet little girl, she did like to have her own way.

At last her uncle always said, “Well, I shall have to see what Bunjer thinks about this,” and he would go into the corner and knock upon the wall and call “Bunjer ! Bunjer !”

Mamie always listened then, and pretty soon she could hear the little, squeaky voice answer, “Yes, yes ! here I am. What do you want ?”

UNCLE ED. — "Have you anything for Mamie, to-day?"

BUNJER. — "Has she been a good girl?"

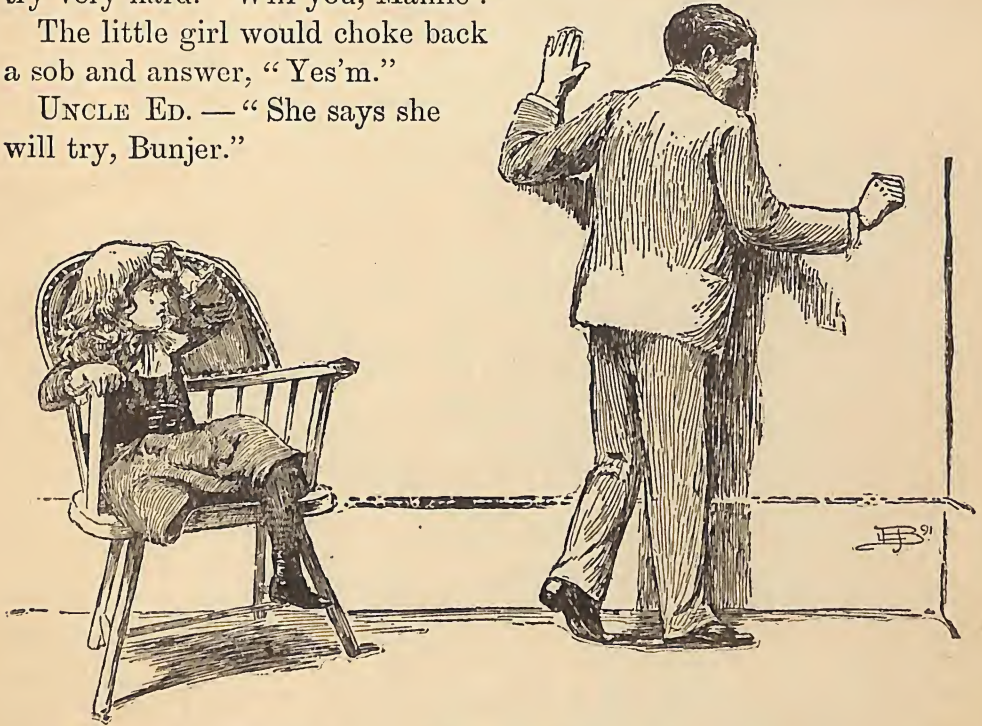
UNCLE ED. — "I am afraid not."

BUNJER (decidedly). — "Haven't anything for bad little girls."

UNCLE ED. — "Oh, wait a minute; don't go yet! Perhaps she will try very hard. Will you, Mamie?"

The little girl would choke back a sob and answer, "Yes'm."

UNCLE ED. — "She says she will try, Bunjer."



BUNJER. — "All right! If she is going to keep on trying all the afternoon, I'll scratch around and see what I can find for her."

In a minute or two Uncle Ed would turn around with an orange or a piece of candy or a handful of peanuts in his hand.

Sometimes Bunjer did not answer the call, and then Uncle Ed said he was out. Sometimes he said he had nothing to give Mamie then, but he would bring her something by and by; and he never broke his word. So you can see now why Mamie liked him.

When she grew to be a big girl, there was no longer any Bunjer. She had learned to be good because it was right, and not for the sake of a present; and so there was no more need of Bunjer.

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